YACHTING

VOLUME XXXVI
NUMBER VI

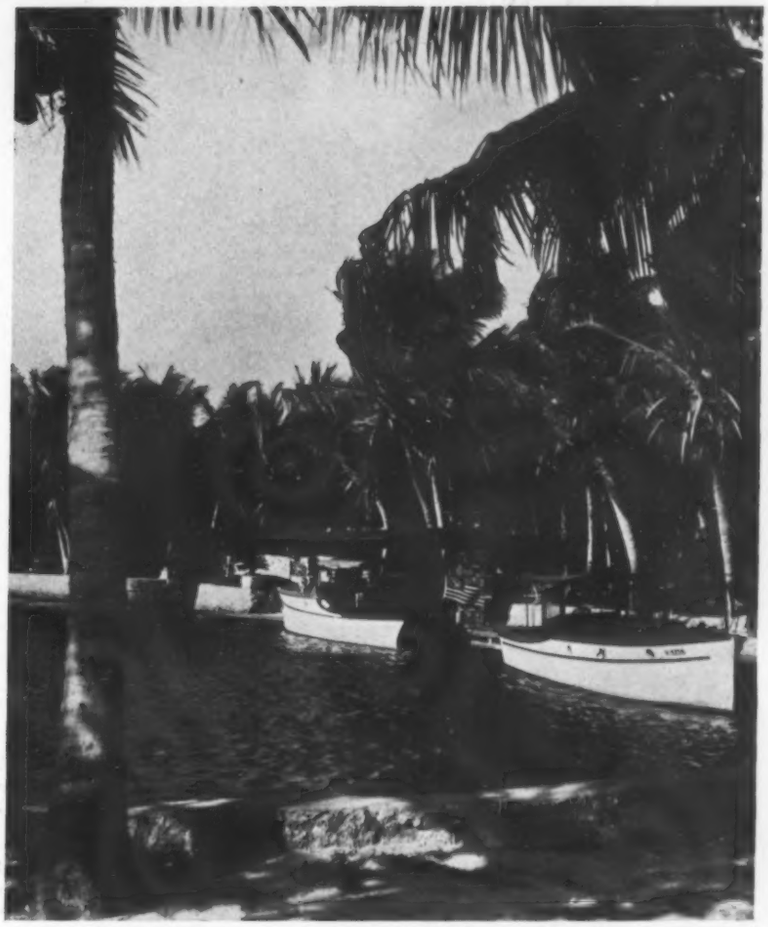
DECEMBER, 1924

35 Cents a Copy
$4.00 a Year

Winter Cruising in the South

The Lure of Florida Waters Calling More Power Boat Owners Each Year. What the Southeast and the West Coasts Offer the Cruiser

By H. S. LAWRENCE



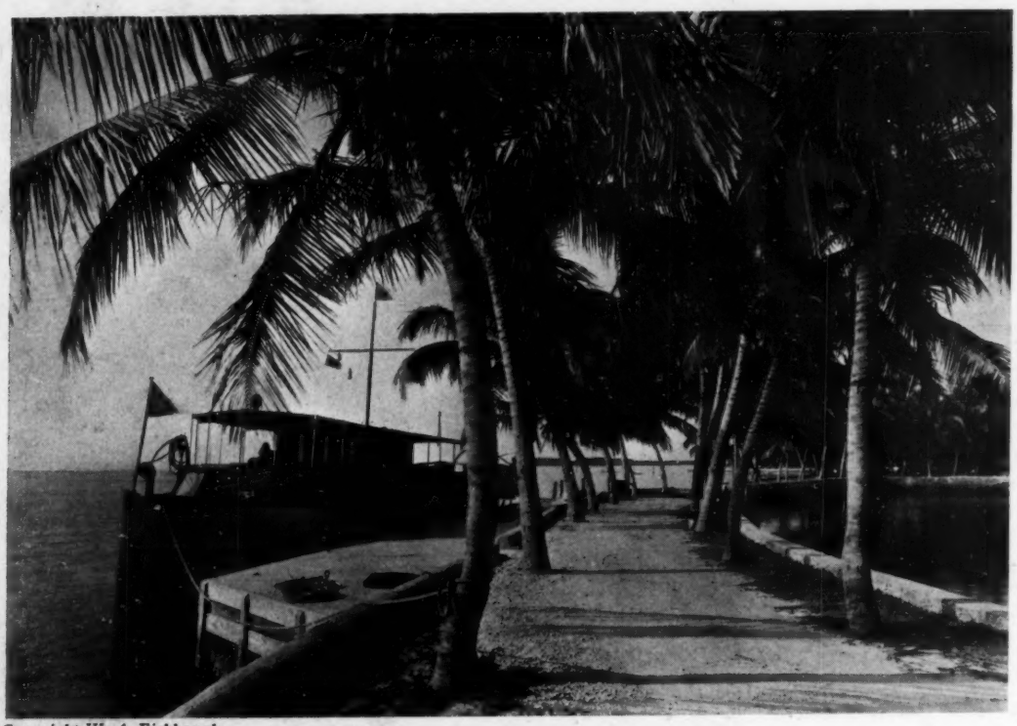
Basin at Cocoanut Grove, a few miles south of Miami, with its luxuriant tropical setting.

IT'S never Winter south of Jupiter, where the sun shines on both sides of the fence equally from December to April. That's the reason why southern Florida, with its beautiful Biscayne Bay, its shallow blue waters inside of the outlying keys all the way to Key West, and its West Coast harbors holds such a lure to the yachtsmen of the North when the snow begins to fly and the cold winds sweep down direct from the Arctic, while the boats hauled out are securely covered with heavy canvas or wooden penthouses.

Lucky the man who can keep his boat in commission and join the ever-increasing fleet heading South each year to spend the cold months cruising, fishing and loafing, where frost is unknown. It's a big fleet which winters in Florida waters each year and it is made up almost entirely of those coming from north of Mason and Dixon's line. Some of the boats are taken south by their owners, some are sent down with paid crews and some (the smaller boats) are shipped down by steamer to Jacksonville or Key West and put overboard in southern waters. Why anyone gets his boat down there in any way but the first is hard to conceive, especially if he likes cruising, for the trip down and back by the inside route offers the best kind of cruising and sport imaginable, that should never grow tiresome.

So much has been written about this inside route south to Miami that nothing much need be said of it here. It is easy to make with any boat over 30 feet in length, drawing not over four feet of water—and preferably not over three and a half. Boats smaller than this can make it safely, but for living aboard all winter anything smaller than this does not give the necessary room for comfort. One can go inside all the way from New York to Miami through canals, bays and rivers with only one jump outside of some 180 miles from Beaufort, N. C., to Georgetown, S. C., and this run can be broken at Southport if necessary. Anyone with a fair knowledge of navigation and with the aid of the Inside Route Pilot and charts can make it easily. It can be made in from 15 to 20 days if one is in a hurry and is not held at Beaufort for good weather; or four to six weeks can be spent on the trip, going south with the sun, and where there is so much of interest, why hurry?

It is at Palm Beach, just below Jupiter, that Winter cruising commences to be at its best. Going through the Lake Worth Canal and down the Hillsboro River one comes out at the head of Biscayne Bay. To the right is Miami and on the left, on a strip of sand luxuriant with palms, are Alton and Miami beaches. This is the "farthest South" for many of the northern fleet, and Miami is the winter headquarters for literally hundreds of power craft of all kinds—houseboats, express cruisers, slow cruisers and myriad of small craft. Yet the waters to the south of Miami are among the best to be found anywhere for cruising and fishing, though they are shallow whenever one



The bulkhead along the shore at Miami, overhung with cocoanut palms, offers a pleasant place to tie up.

Copyright W. A. Fishbaugh

gets out of the channels that wind through the banks. The Miami River has been dredged recently from Miami to the Everglades and the trip up this and back is well worth the few days it takes.

A few miles south of Miami is Cocoanut Grove and about 20 miles farther on is the anchorage of the Cocolobo Cay Club. There is excellent fishing hereabouts for barracuda, jacks, the lowly grouper, and many other varieties of fish with which these waters abound. A little farther on is Jewfish Creek. There is not much to hold one here,

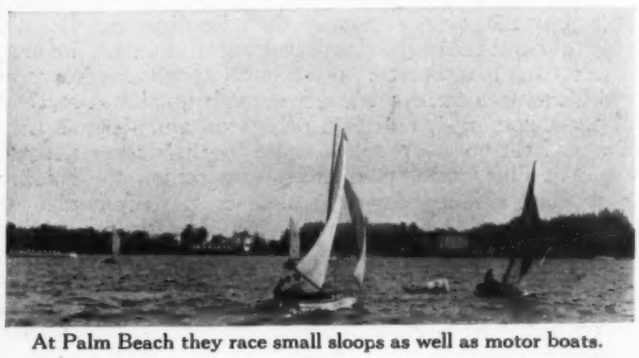
The dock and anchorage at North Bimini, only a few hours' run across the Gulf Stream from Biscayne Bay.

but pushing on southwest one is soon out on the Bay of Florida, a large body of water, stretching, gloriously blue, behind the outlying fringe of reefs and keys all the way to Key West. Long Key is, perhaps, the best known of these keys. They fish here out on the edge of the Gulf Stream, where the gamy sailfish may be taken (if one is expert and has luck), and inside among the keys and on the bay. There is really not much to take one on to Key West. It is a city of some importance and also a jumping-off place for the 90-mile run across to Cuba, though not many small boats make the jump. It's apt to be a lumpy trip, as the Gulf Stream runs against the strong northeast trades.

Why more cruisers do not go up the West Coast it is hard to say. But this side of Florida offers more in the way of cruising that is out-of-the-ordinary than any other part of the coast. True, the water is shallow for a long ways off shore, though there is plenty for a boat drawing three to three and a half feet. There is an Inside Coast Pilot that covers the waters from Key West to New Orleans and gives all the necessary information (plus the large scale charts) for the stranger. One thing to look out for, however, is Northers, which sometimes come up suddenly and blow with great violence, but one can nearly always "pick his weather."

From Key West one can go out of the Northwest passage and lay a straight course for Sanibel Island Light at the entrance to San Carlos Sound, into which flows the Caloosahatchee River, running down from Lake Okechobee. It is only some 113 miles across from Key West; but if one wants to "coast it," he can go eastward, inside the keys, to Moser Channel and then across to Cape Sable, coasting it from there up in 8 to 10 feet of water, and going inside of Cape Romano and through Big Marco Pass.

From San Carlos Bay there is Pine Island Sound and beautiful Charlotte Harbor to explore, with the town of Punta Gorda at its head. From South Boca Grande Pass, Charlotte Harbor, to Big Sarasota Pass is another outside jump of only 38 miles, a matter of four hours or so in



At Palm Beach they race small sloops as well as motor boats.

While power houseboats are the favorite craft on which to spend a winter in Florida, all types of power boats and auxiliaries are to be found there, as this view of the yacht anchorage off Miami shows.

the average boat on a good day. Here one enters Sarasota Bay and works up this into Tampa Bay, where there is a fine cruising ground where one will be content for several weeks. Opening from it are Hillsboro Bay, with the newly-formed Hillsboro Yacht Club on its shores, Old Tampa Bay, the Manatee River and Boca Ceiga Bay.

Speaking of the West Coast it is fair enough to say that the yachtsman does not know the waters of Florida unless he has dropped anchor in Charlotte Harbor and made his visit to Boca Grande, which is on Gasparilla Island. His visit, too, may outlast his first intentions if he allows himself to go out tarpon fishing, or if he decides it would be a good idea to stretch his sealegs on the nine-hole golf course there.

As for the harbor, it is one of the best, as well as one of the only three yacht harbors on the West Coast of Florida, as all coastwise skippers who come up into the Gulf have known these many years, and as the old pirate, Gasparilla, after whom the island was named, knew when he made it his main headquarters in 1782.

Many of the waterways stretching inland from the Florida coast are canalized and navigable for motor boats.

Reverting to tarpon fishing, which has made Boca Grande famous for years among big game fishers the world over, A. W. Dimock, who wrote a vividly entertaining narrative called *The Book of the Tarpon,* said:

The banks along the route to Lake Okechobee and the Everglades, by which one can cross from the east to the west coast of Florida, are picturesque with tall palms.

"If there is better tarpon fishing in the world than can be had at Boca Grande, I have never heard of it"—and he was one of those who went out after tarpon in a canoe. They do it *now* in large comfortable motor boats.

There may be some motor boatmen who do not know that there is now a short cut across Florida from the East Coast to the West Coast, a trip through lake and jungle. Coming up from Miami to the canal which runs inland from a point just below Palm Beach, the trip may be made through Lake Okechobee and out of it through the Caloosahotchie River to the West Coast, at a point opposite Sanibel Island. Immediately north, past Pine Island, with its famous orange groves, opens Charlotte Harbor, with Boca Grande on Gasparilla Island.

An Ideal, Moderate-sized Cruiser for a Winter in Florida or for Coastwise Cruising

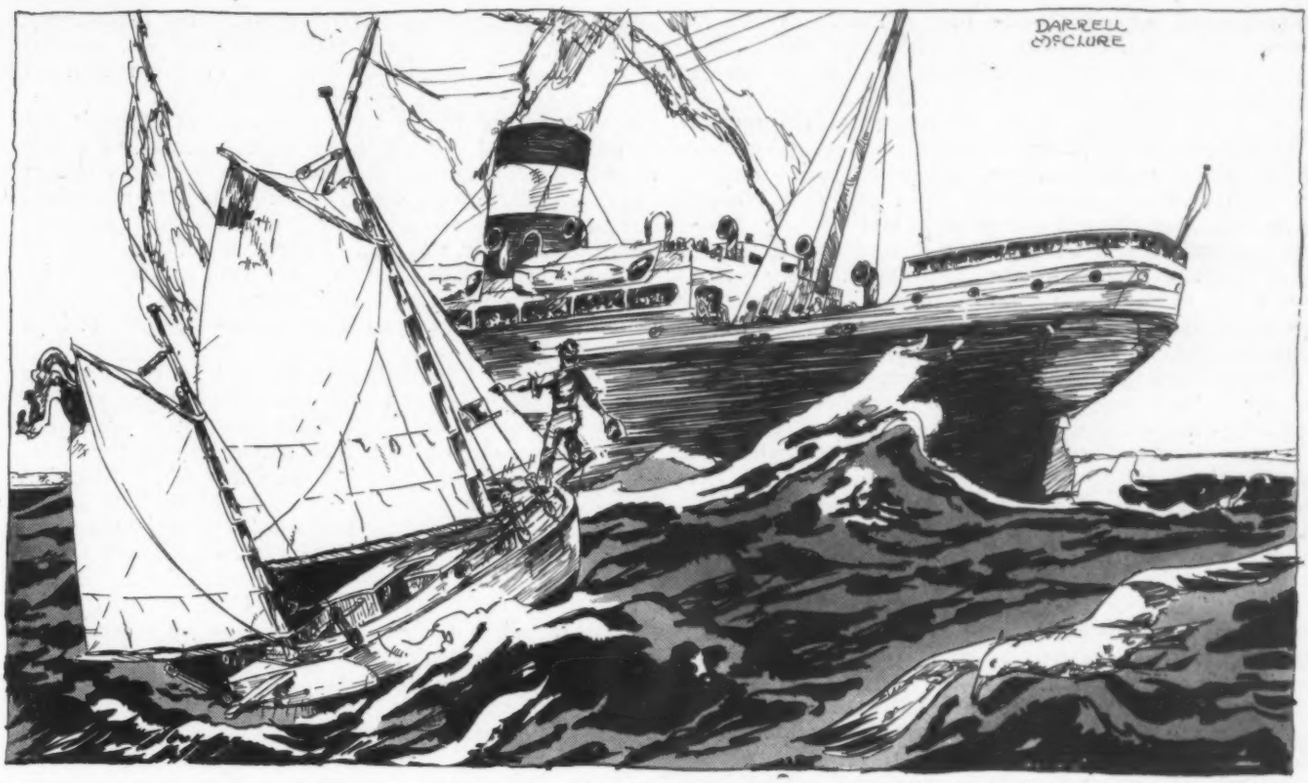
Firefly, a 65-footer, designed by C. D. Mower for Arthur E. Aitkin, of Larchmont.

The attractive deckhouse of *Firefly*.

ONE of the new boats of the year designed with a view to her use in the Sound and in Northern waters in summer and in Florida during the winter is the *Firefly*, owned by Arthur E. Aitken of the Larchmont Yacht Club. She is an ideal boat for the purpose for which she was planned and gives the maximum of comfortable living accommodations for a long cruise or for living aboard, with unusual seaworthy qualities and a good turn of speed. She was built by the New York Yacht Launch and Engine Company of Morris Heights, and is powered with two 6-cylinder Twentieth Century motors of 90 h.p. each, which give her a speed of 14 statute miles per hour.

The after cabin of *Firefly*, looking forward into stateroom.

A corner of the galley.



"I steamed up pretty close, went full astern on both engines, brought the old ship up close to wind'ard of the boat in great style and hailed the fellow to come alongside."

An Error of Judgment

Of the Rescue of a Voluntary "Castaway," and What Befell Thereby

By Weston Martyr

NO, sir! No more big, fine ships for me. I don't want 'em. I'm skipper of this old tramp and I'm comfortable. She suits me all right; and I say that any man that'd growl at this job and want to get on a passenger boat doesn't know when he's well off. I've had some. I was master once in the San Francisco-Sydney Line, on the old *Samoa,* and what with the trouble of keeping the old girl running to time, and the fuss with the mails and dressing up for dinner every blessed night, *and* the passengers—, well, I got fed up with it, right to the gills, and cleared out. As a matter of fact, I was fired. And I'm glad of it—now, although at the time it shook me up a bit. Oh, yes, I deserved what I got, all right, I suppose. You see, I—well, you might say I made a bit of an error of judgment, and, at sea, if you do that, you're done.

By the way, you're a yachtsman. Did you ever hear tell of a fellow called Winton? Well, I'll tell you about him, for it was due to his foolishness in the first place—and then mine—that I got fired.

It happened, as I said, when I had command of the *Samoa;* and that old packet was the slowest ship on the run. She always gave us a job of it, getting her across on time; and on the trip I'm telling you about we made a slower passage than usual, for we had to cut out one boiler, soon after leaving Sydney, owing to leaky tubes. And then, when we walked into the sou'east trades, we found 'em blowing dead out of the east'ard, unusually strong, and we lost another full day coming through them. When we crossed the Line we were 'way behind time, and it meant shoving the old girl along for all she was worth for the rest of the passage if we wanted to save a riot about the mails when we did arrive at 'Frisco.

When we picked up the northeast trades we found 'em very light—which was luck for us, for it's a long plug across there with a dead headwind, and if there had been any strength to 'em, that would have put the lid on us. All the same, I was kept worried and wondering all the time—which is what generally happens in mail boats.

Well, anyhow, to get on with it: one afternoon, about four bells, I was just coming to from my usual bit of a nap when I hear a hail from the lookout for'ard. "Sail-o on the starboard bow!" he sings out. I didn't take much stock of it at the moment, except to think to myself that this was the first time we had ever sighted anything on that bit of the passage since I'd been on the run. It's a mighty empty piece of water round about there, and, beyond our regular monthly boats, I suppose there were blamed few ships that ever went anywhere near that particular part of the world. This was the precise reason I'd given orders to my watch officers to keep an extra good lookout, and I always kept a hand in the crow's nest while we were going through there. I know the mates used to think it just a piece of the Old Man's foolishness, keeping a special lookout in a place that was notorious for never having anything in it; but these young fellers don't know everything, and they'd never been adrift for two weeks in a ship's lifeboat, like I had.

They don't know what it feels like to see a ship come up in broad daylight and draw abeam and then watch her steam right on and leave you. That's what happened to me and the *Lena's* crowd, after she'd burnt up from

under us and we had to take to the boats. Five days afterwards a steamer went past within six miles—and never saw us, just because some lubber on her bridge wouldn't take the trouble to have a look round now and again. Because he'd made up his mind beforehand there wouldn't be anything to see, I suppose. We took off our shirts and waved 'em, and yelled and cursed—and wept, some of us—and that swine just held straight on and on, and steamed out of sight and left us. I tell you, you don't forget a thing like that, and I made up my mind then that it wouldn't be for want of looking if a ship I was master of passed a boatload of poor beggars cast adrift on the high seas. I'm a bit touched on that point; but I always intend to stick to it. Yes—*even now.*

Well, as I say, I heard the lookout hail the bridge, and the Second sung out, "*All* right," as much as to say he'd seen everything there was to see hours ago, when, as a matter of fact, I could bet he'd been keeping his eye on the girls on the promenade deck instead of on the job. However, I stayed where I was, for I expected the boy up with my cup of tea in a minute or two, and time enough to take a look at the other ship when we'd brought her abeam. But just then, down comes the Second off the bridge in a hurry. He says he'd sighted something off to starboard, and, from the look of her through the long glass, he thought she was a ship's boat, and should he steer for her, and so on.

Naturally, I went up on the bridge to take a look, and there, about four miles off, was a small white boat under sail. Well, a small boat knocking about in *that* part of the world could only mean one thing—some ship had been in trouble—so I altered course at once and stood for her. In a bit I could make out a man in her, and he was waving something, and through the glass I could see the American ensign at the masthead. It was hoisted union down. In twenty minutes we were close up, and you should have seen our passengers. They were a sight. I wasn't what you might call altogether calm myself, for I knew what the birds in that boat must be feeling like, seeing us coming up. But our passengers seemed to have gone quite nutty. They were lining the rail, cheering and waving and going on foolish, as passengers always do whenever anything out of the ordinary turns up at sea. We must have looked a perfect sight from the boat, with all those idiots making a show of us; but the man aboard her (and I could only see one) seemed to be taking it cool enough.

Now, I hadn't forgotten we were late with the mails, and I didn't propose to waste any more time than I could help over the rescue business. I had a hand standing by for'ard with a line, and a ladder over the side with a quartermaster at the bottom of it, all ready to make a quick job. I steamed up pretty close, went full astern on both engines and brought the old ship up, close to wind'ard of the boat, in great style. Then I hailed the fellow to come alongside us as quick as he could. Those confounded passengers were making such a riot that I couldn't make out what he called back, except that he kept on saying something about "water."

It took him a devil of a time to get alongside, too. I know we blanketed what little wind there was from him, but, all the same, he put up a poor job of it making our ladder. What with all the people yelling, and the time I was losing, and one thing and another, I admit I got pretty mad. But after messing about for what seemed to me hours, he did at last manage to drift against the ladder, and my quartermaster climbed aboard him and hung on. The chap in the boat stood up, and I must say he didn't look so far gone as I thought he would be. He had a two weeks' beard all over his face and generally looked pretty mouldy, but he was strong and hearty enough apparently; and he waved his hand and grinned at that row of silly faces stuck out over our rail, all cheering and carrying on like perfect idiots.

I said a few things to the passengers through the megaphone, and I must have sprung some extra fine remarks which touched the spot, for I got quiet at last and could hear myself speak. I hailed the boat and asked how many there were aboard, and the feller sings out, "I'm the only one, Captain. I need water!"

"All right, my lad, all right. We'll fix you up," I said. "If you can climb that ladder, come aboard; and you'd better bring anything you want with you, for I'm in a hurry."

"Thank you, Captain," says he, and he came up the side in great shape; and, will you believe it, the moment he touched the deck, those bally passengers broke out again. They cheered and they patted him on the back; and although he was perfectly able to walk, I'll be shot if some of them didn't try to carry him. The fellow looked a bit bewildered, and no wonder; but the mate and the doctor butted in and took him below. Then I looked down at the boat alongside and wondered what I was going to do about her. She wasn't an ordinary ship's lifeboat at all, but about the same size, only decked in, with a little cockpit aft, and yawl rigged. She wasn't in bad shape, considering; but I didn't see just how we could save her. It would have taken a long time to rig a cargo boom and get her on deck, and even at that I doubt if we could have managed it. Well, there I was, and you know how it is when you're carrying mails. You can stop to save life—and that's all.

So, having lost more time already than I cared about, there was nothing for it but to order the quartermaster to jump on the ladder and shove off. As soon as she was clear, I rang the engines full ahead, got the ship back on her course, and was going down the bridge ladder to have a look at our shipwrecked mariner, when, bless me, if I didn't hear another rumpus break out on deck. They say joy doesn't kill, but the shock of being saved seemed to have turned our man into a fighting lunatic. For there he was, waving his arms and howling, "My boat! My boat! Stop her, Captain, stop her!"

I thought at first he was rattled because I hadn't taken the bally thing in tow or something, and I started to tell him why it couldn't be done. I thought it best to pretend to reason quietly with the man in the state he was in. But the poor blighter seemed crazy, right enough, for, in the middle of it, he suddenly threw up his arms, cursed in a way even I haven't often heard, and then made one dash for the side. The mate and one of the hands grabbed him when he was half-way over the rail, and then he put up such a scrap that he nearly managed to get all the way over. The bo'sun arrived just then, and he was a good man who generally did the right thing at the right time. He hauled off and landed that maniac a clout under the chin that knocked him clean out and made him quiet and easy to handle.

I was telling the mate to put a lashing or two on the poor beggar while we had the chance, when the old Doc advised us to take him below and then *he'd* give him something to put him to sleep for the night, and when he woke up in the morning he judged he'd feel better. So they carried him to a spare cabin and the Doc squirted in things that certainly did the trick, for when I looked in later he was sleeping like a dead man.

That doctor was a queer bird. A bit prim and fussy, but a good enough old stick in his way. He said it was a most extraordinary thing the way our friend had suddenly blown up, as it were. He said that as soon as the

lad got on deck he had taken him off to his cabin. Knowing it was dangerous to let a man, who maybe might be nearly dying of thirst, have too much to drink for a start, he gave him a glass of water. But instead of swallowing it down in one gulp as the Doc expected him to, he says, "Say, how about a little whisky with some ice in it?" And just then the telegraph rang and the engines started. When he heard that he looked surprised, the Doc said. Then he started up and stood by the cabin door, listening, and suddenly dashed off down the alleyway.

"By the time I got on deck," said the Doc, "there he was, striving to fling himself overboard."

"Well, that's that," I said. "He's nice and quiet now, anyhow," and I told them to call me when he came round, for I wanted to know what ship it was he'd come out of, and how she'd been lost, and what chance there might be of picking up some more of her crowd.

Next morning along comes the Doc to say his patient's all alive and kicking. And when I got down to him, sure enough he was. Especially kicking! He was looking pretty wild, but I held out my hand and asked him how he was feeling. He wouldn't shake, though, and there was a nasty look in his eye I didn't like much.

"Look here," says he, "I want to know just what you and your blasted crowd think you are playing at. You knock me about and shanghai me and——"

"Now you just calm yourself," says I. "You're a bit shaky yet, after the time you've had, and I don't wonder. But I must say you might begin to show just a little gratitude, maybe, to a man who's taken some trouble to pick you up out of a nasty mess."

"Gratitude!" he says. "Gratitude! Either I'm mad or you are. What in the name of blazes have I got to be grateful about—especially to you? I was running short of water and I signal you and ask you to let me have some; and then, the next thing I know is, you cut my boat adrift and steam off and then knock me on the head and God knows what. You're mad—you must be! But you can take it from me, mad or not, when I get ashore again I'll make you sit up and wonder what's happened to you or my name's not Winton."

"Well," I said, "I'm sorry you're not quite all right just yet; but you'll be fine and dandy again in a day or so when you've settled down and understand that you're all safe and nothing to worry about any more. I've been cast adrift in a boat myself and I know how it is. We'll do all we can for you, and if there's anything you want, just say so and I'll see you get it. I'm sorry we gave you that bump on the head; but we had to do it; you seemed dead set on drowning yourself."

"*Drown* myself?" says he. "What are you babbling about? My trying to get back to the boat seems to be worrying you. You wouldn't stop, so the best way of getting aboard again was to make a swim for it while she was close to."

And when I asked him what on earth he wanted to get back on the boat for, what do you think he lets out on me? I thought he was mad, all right, at first; but it wasn't so long before I could have got up and kicked myself! He says he'd started from 'Frisco in that little thing—his yacht, he called it!—to sail around, all by himself, through the South Sea Islands. He mentioned some guys like Slocum and Voss whom I hadn't heard of *then*. I wish I had, for I might have seen a light a bit earlier in the proceedings. He'd been out three weeks and doing fine, so he said, and then some of his water went bad on him. That didn't worry him much, apparently, for he had about enough to carry him through with care; but when he sighted us he thought it a good chance to fill up and make sure. As soon as he got aboard us, he says, he went down with the Doc—to have a nice cold whisky and soda, as he thought. The doctor had told him to come along and he'd give him a drink, so, when he was handed that glass of water, he judged he'd struck a dry ship. But when he heard the engines start up and he got on deck to see his yacht cast adrift, and us steaming off full speed, he was absolutely flabbergasted. He yelled to me to stop the ship, but finding all I would do was to say, "There, there, my lad. We can't stop the ship. You calm down and we'll give you a nice drink," and tripe like that, he naturally concluded I must be drunk or mad. And he made up his mind to dive over and swim for the boat, which was still pretty close aboard. And then, he says, people began to knock him about, and the next thing he knew he woke up in a strange bunk

"'How about a little whisky with some ice in it,' he says."

with a pain in the back of his neck and a mouth on him like a main sewer.

When the inner meaning of all he said trickled through to my poor brain, you can believe me, I felt worried. And scared, too; for with the new light he had let on to the business, I could see just how it was I had gone wrong all along the line and landed myself into the damnedest, stupidest mess I'd ever been in. I explained my side of the thing, of course, and how it was natural I had taken him for a castaway and rescued him according; and how everything he'd said about wanting water and all had worked in nicely with what I thought. And I asked him how he expected me to guess that any man would be such a damned ass as to go sailing around out there, all by himself in a bit of a boat, for fun?

"Yes," says he, "you talk pretty big about asses. After the exhibition you've made of yourself, I think you probably ought to be an authority on the breed. But it seems to me the only thing you can do now to clean up your mess is to turn back and pick up my boat and I'll get aboard and carry on with the job."

By that time the yacht was some two hundred miles astern of us, and it would have meant another two days lost, at least, if I turned back, even supposing we found her first go off, which was unlikely. So I couldn't do that, of course, and said so; and when Winton saw I meant it, you can bet he was mad. He had lots to say, and he said it. All of it; and one of the things he called me was a fat-headed, half-baked, piratical old jackass. And I haven't forgotten that, because, when you come to think of it, it's just about what I was.

Well, things calmed down after a bit, as they usually do, and it wasn't so long before Winton was laughing

(*Continued on page* 92)

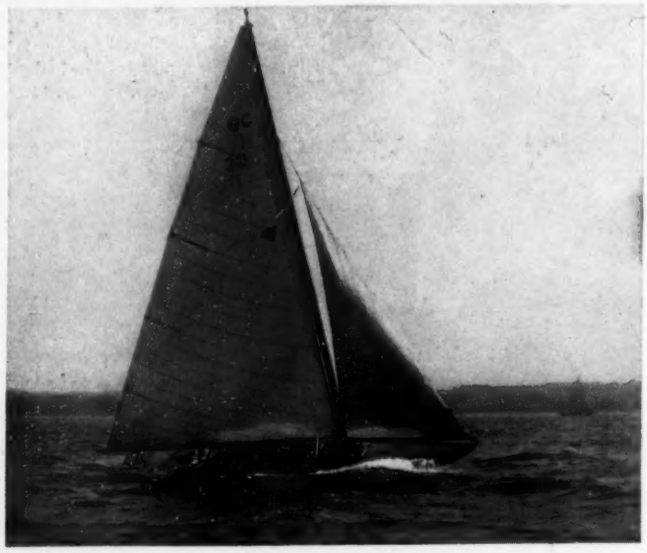
A Thousand Miles in an Old Nineteen-Footer

A Brief Account of a Cruise by Two Boys from Tarrytown to Gloucester and Back Under Sail

By Arthur S. Allen, Jr.

Amethyst leaked. She leaked when she came into our possession two years ago and she has leaked, when driven, ever since. She would not go to windward, and she would not reach in a breeze without acquiring a fair amount of the poorest kind of ballast, water.

She left her home anchorage on the Hudson River, bound for Marblehead, on the seventh of last July. It was blowing out of the sou'west. The breeze rolled her down to her rail and, during the otherwise rather uneventful run to New York City, drew mumbled computations from the still sleepy crew as to the percentage of river circulating through *Amethyst*. The day's run terminated at the northern end of Manhattan Island for many good reasons, such as a delayed start, a hard run ahead through Hell Gate, and an atmosphere of moisture in general below.



***Amethyst* on the Sound.**

At this point I should say a few words about *Amethyst* for the aid of the wondering reader. She is a little knockabout; one of the Glen Cove Jewel Class, built in 1909 by Robert Jacob. Her dimensions are: 28′ 10″ l.o.a., 19′ 3″ w.l., 6′ 6″ beam, and 4′ 10″ draft. The Jewel Class boats are fast to windward, are very wet and quite stiff. At some time during her life *Amethyst* had received poor care and her hull is thus rather weak. She needs refastening. A Marconi rig and a small deckhouse were put on her in 1923, and she is the only "Jewel" with these features. Her personnel consisted of two—the skipper and a crew of one. Her only power was derived from her Marconi rig.

The "crew" was the first to turn out on the morning after anchoring off New York, and he poked home to the skipper the fact that on that day we must fight the tide rips, steamers, doldrums, and barges of the North and East Rivers. Soon after we got under way a southwesterly breeze sprang up and gave the little ship plenty of life as she beat down the river at sunrise.

We squared away at the Battery and stood up to Brooklyn Bridge with the wind theoretically behind us, but actually cavorting over three-fourths of the points of the compass as the skyscrapers and steamers deflected it. We afforded great amusement to the tug captains, who liked to watch such a ludicrous sight as an absolutely impractical contraption, a sailing yacht handled by two boys, invading the busy tumult of their waters. One weighty aquatic truck driver was convulsed with laughter; he had succeeded in making us jump a foot or so as he gave a blast of his whistle from close behind us. Many of these tugboat captains recognized us, as we have taken *Amethyst* through Hell Gate and around the Island many times before.

It was noon before we rounded Throg's Neck and stood up into Long Island Sound. It was a relief to get into clear salt water, clean and free of boats. We set the spinnaker and tore up to Execution Light at some six knots an hour.

The southerly wind increased when we were off Glen Cove, but we were off Oyster Bay before we took in the spinnaker. The breeze freshened and we tore up the Long Island shore like the oft-referred-to scared cat. The sun set when we were a bit farther on our way than New Haven, and soon after a most unwelcome fog rolled up from astern. We laid a course for Cornfield Lightship and began to stand four-hour watches at the tiller, using the fog horn at rather irregular intervals.

I will say at this point that the total knowledge of navigation possessed by those aboard *Amethyst* was very meager, backed by but little experience, and we had no tide tables aboard. We were, therefore, rather surprised when, soon after daybreak, we picked up the siren of Cornfield, dead ahead. We did not stop to think what a simple piece of navigation that was.

The fog was soon overcome by the hot sun of a dry day and we drifted by Cornfield Lightship and laid a course for Bartlett Lightship in a light northerly air. By noon the breeze had backed and shifted enough and it settled down to a stiff, puffy breeze from the south. This carried us to New London in comfort and with plenty of speed. Here we put in and purchased more stuff for the cook, who was also the crew, and who performed the double duty in an admirable manner.

When we awoke on the morning of the tenth, we poked our heads out of the hatch into another sou'wester, and wondered how we would get home through these prevailing southerlies, and, also, how much longer they would favor us on our run up the coast. *Amethyst* worked her way out of New London in a settling fog and stood for the entrance at the east end of Fisher's Island Sound. It was wholly beginners' luck that we did not hang our keel on one of the rocks at this entrance. A spindle on the chart in two feet of water loomed out of the fog to the northeast of us, which meant that we were about over the Catumb Rocks, showing bare at low water. Standing to the southeast, we just cleared the Watch Hill reef, and then for the first time made out the reed horn of Watch Hill Point. After we had stood far enough out into open water to feel safe, we squared away and had a fast, uneventful run up the bold coast line to Point Judith, where we lurched into the Harbor of Refuge in a very heavy sea.

There were a number of sailing yachts in the harbor

here and their crews were interested in *Amethyst*. We visited until rather late that night and did not obey the cruising man's maxim, "early to rise," the next morning. However, the sou'wester, which we were getting used to, did not arrive until noon, and at this time we ran out of the harbor for the best run of the cruise, some 43 nautical miles, covered in seven hours, from Point Jude to Monument Beach, at the western entrance to the Cape Cod Canal.

Soon after we arose the next morning we received a rather rude shock when we learned the amount of cash which we must leave with the canal owners before we could be towed through. Gladly we would have sailed through the canal, because we had sailed *Amethyst* through the Harlem River at New York in 1923, a far more ambitious undertaking. But no, the canal authorities would not allow it. Gladly we would have turned back and sailed around the Cape, but for contrary orders from home. It looked as though we would have to "loosen up" and be towed through, so that's what we did, vowing that things would be done differently on the way home.

We arrived at Provincetown on the usual sou'westerly breeze, just a few minutes too late to see a government submarine, traveling submerged, hit and sink a large schooner yacht just outside of the harbor. The town was all agog with the news when we came in.

Provincetown is a wonderful little village, but we were prejudiced against it. The barber would not cut our hair unless we should first consent to get a shampoo. He was dulling his scissors and tiring his nerves as he wrestled with our salt-encrusted locks.

From Provincetown *Amethyst* drifted to a point off Minots Ledge in the first all-day air from the north which we had had. We anchored well out in Massachusetts Bay in a calm and spent a very restful night. A fair breeze on the following day sent us boiling into Gloucester, where we anchored next to the sloop *Flying Cloud* and the schooner *Seafarer,* both participants in the Bermuda Race of 1923.

We admired the town of Gloucester and its fishing fleet until the afternoon of July sixteenth, and then had a short windward beat down to Marblehead. Gloucester was as far "down East" as we went, and the first run towards home, Gloucester to Marblehead, was what we

Amethyst **stretching her racing suit of sails in the Hudson.**

A view of the deck of *Amethyst* from aloft.

expected, a beat, and most of the whole cruise down the coast was the same, headwinds prevailing.

Marblehead was our real destination, and we had stood over to Provincetown and to Gloucester on the trip up the coast simply because we wanted to see those places. During the eleven days spent at Marblehead, we sailed, drove a borrowed Ford, rested, and studied the racing fleet, while *Amethyst* was hauled for paint and general cleaning up.

We saw a few features in Marblehead racing yachts, particularly in Class R boats, which we had not seen on the Sound. Some of these features we thought radical, and some we thought real advancements in design. We were impressed by the manner in which Mr. C. F. Adams worked his R boat *Lightning* into the lead in the final race for the Quincy Cup on Friday, July 25th.

On Saturday, the 26th, we were invited aboard Capt. A. W. Finlay's Bar Harbor 31-footer, *Zara*. She is a beautiful boat and has a habit of winning championships. We had a keen race on that day with two other "Bar Harbors," each with a new Marconi rig. *Zara* finished a few seconds in the lead under mainsail alone, after carrying away three halliards, jib, ballooner and spinnaker.

It was necessary to leave the hospitable harbor of Marblehead the following Sunday, because the skipper had to be home early in August, and we figured on headwinds. There was very little air moving when we left, but by noon we had worked out to sea about eight miles and laid a course for Provincetown. The sea was very flat and our attention was drawn to a grunting sound which came at rather infrequent intervals far off our bow. As we drew closer to this sound, a large school of porpoises broke water to leeward, and at the same time we saw the back of a large black fish rising out of the sea a few hundred feet ahead. Soon we saw three other of these, a species of whale, and all very large members of the species. The one nearest to us must have been over forty feet in length. As the school had passed us, one of them dived so sharply his great tail, some eight feet from tip to tip, rose high into the air. These black fish had made the grunting noises we had heard, and at intervals they spouted mist a short distance into the air as they grunted.

As on our trip up the coast, it took two days to cover the distance between Marblehead and Provincetown. The

distance is short, but the wind was light and fluky. When we arrived at Provincetown we decided to stay for two days and condition *Amethyst* to run outside around Cape Cod. I remember very clearly the 29th of July. We were rowing out over the flats in Provincetown Harbor to *Amethyst* with supplies. Our eight-foot tender was very low of freeboard as she bore up under the load of skipper, crew, watermelon, vegetables, water and oilskins. She is of a design which permits carrying her on *Amethyst's* deck and she is not a good sea boat. It was blowing briskly and, shipping water right along, we laughed at the situation. An extra large wave of a quartering-sea left some gallons in our tender, and our laughing stopped with a jerk. The crew at the six-foot oars pulled and fought like a galley slave, while the skipper coaxed, ordered and entreated for more speed. Speed was the thing, for caution would have been of no avail with the water coming aboard as it was. When we arrived within ten feet of *Amethyst's* transom, it seemed as if the dinghy would have capsized if our hair had not been parted in the middle, and at this point the skipper said, "Here we are!" when he saw that we had sufficient way to fetch the ship. The crew gave his body a half turn, intent upon making fast. This was too much for her to stand and the dink expended her way in a downward direction as the crew's fingers, outstretched, clawed only air. Everything stayed in the boat but the watermelon, which bobbed away to leeward, to be picked up later. Nothing was lost, and ignominious as the incident was, it was good for many a laugh on the homeward journey.

We nosed out of the harbor in a calm at daybreak on July 30th and were until noon working around the hook of the Cape into open water. A sou'wester blew up from a smoky horizon, and after a few hours of beating to windward, a heavy fog rolled in. It was the dirtiest weather we had had on the cruise and we were in the worst position to take it. We nearly decided to turn back, but on finding that she lay fairly well at anchor some four miles off the beach, we stopped and awaited developments.

The skipper prepared to "caulk off" for a few hours while the crew stood first watch on deck, ready to square away for Provincetown should the wind haul or increase, or should the breakers sound nearer. *Amethyst* kept up a sharp roll, and after some twenty minutes of stowing below, the skipper had reduced the clanking of tin cans and lamps to a minimum, and then came the rather intricate task of wedging into a solid position to sleep. *Amethyst's* accommodations offer a problem for the most efficient and staunch advocate of "a place for everything, and everything in its place" to solve. However, by six bells everything was quiet below but for water noises.

Early the next morning the skipper was awakened by the crew's foot in his face. The latter person was crawling around the cabin on all fours, mumbling to himself as he circled around the chart and pointed his arm first over a bearing on the chart and then along *Amethyst's* keel. So we got under way and began the usual foggy morning argument as to course and position. Argument was set aside, however, as we picked up the whistle of Pollock Rip Slue Lightship, and stood for it. A bell buoy loomed out of the fog almost as soon as we heard its clang, and then it was unnecessary to stand on to the lightship. We laid a course from the bell and picked our buoys without much difficulty. As we came out of the fog into view of Stonehorse Lightship, off Monomoy Point, the men on the ship received a shock. No doubt so small a boat with a double-reefed mainsail and full jib looked most insignificant as she bobbed over the big seas.

We sailed *Amethyst* almost between the masts of a great schooner which was sunk on a shoal about a mile off Monomoy Point, and we were somewhat taken aback by the dreary sight of the wreck. A rum schooner thrown high on the sand at the northern end of Cape Cod had impressed us likewise. There is something uncanny and tragic about the wreck of a large vessel.

On the run from Monomoy to Nantucket, *Amethyst* was taking green water on deck. I have never been so waterbound, so accustomed to an atmosphere of water, as I was on that run. The cockpit scuppers could not take care of the load of water fast enough. It was too cold sitting up in the wind, so the man at the tiller reposed in a foot or so of water. It seemed as though everything aboard was wet. The crew below was trying to serve up the usual hot food—and what a task! It is unnecessary to describe the motion of *Amethyst* in such a sea, over shoal water, but the motion was not all; water would be forced between the hatch cover and the deckhouse as a real "old man" would climb over the bow and walk aft. At these frequent moments the crew would be deluged by salt water in the cabin. It is hard to be soaked on deck, but it is almost intolerable to be unable to keep dry below.

We were rather worn out when we ran into the beautiful harbor of Nantucket, but we were happy. Our navigation, the poorest kind of off-hand dead reckoning, backed by no experience, had led us safely through eighteen hours of fog, over rather dangerous water. Our spirits waxed high as *Amethyst* boiled over the smooth water of the harbor and swung up to anchor, to lay steady as a rock while the breakers surged outside. It was dark when we came into Nantucket and we nearly grounded off the rather mean channel entrance. However, we didn't strike, but we wondered how we had avoided it when we sailed out of the harbor two days later.

After resting for a full day and leisurely looking over the delightful town of Nantucket, we set sail for New Bedford. The run was fast and uneventful, save for the run through Wood's Hole. This was truly an event. We negotiated this channel in ignorance of the speed of the tide, and were overawed at the terrific speed at which it whipped us through into Buzzards Bay. A fair, ten-knot breeze gave us barely way enough to shoot clear of rocks and around turns as the favorable tide took charge of us. Attempting to sail through against the tide would be, I believe, almost impossible, and sailing through with it is dangerous.

We lay at anchor for a day at the New Bedford Yacht Club and walked around the town. We were able to buy certain articles at Briggs and Beckman, the ship chandler of New Bedford, which we could not get for love or money in any other marine store that we had tried along the coast. Down at the wharfs we looked at the *Wanderer*, the last whaling vessel then in commission, at New Bedford. She was wrecked shortly afterward off Cuttyhunk as she sailed on her last cruise.

Leaving New Bedford on the third of August, we ran into Newport, looked over the harbor and ran out again to Point Judith, so that we would be ready to sail outside on our course down the coast the following day. We arrived at the Harbor of Refuge well before dark and were surprised to see no sign of a boat in the harbor. Even when we got under sail early the next morning there was only a lobster boat in the harbor with us.

We left the harbor in weather different from that with which we had entered; it was blowing a light air from the southeast and was misty. When we reached Fisher's Island Sound the mist had cleared enough for us to see a vessel sunk over a reef on which we had so nearly left *Amethyst* on the trip up the coast. We were still think-

(*Continued on page* 94)

Entrance to Battle Harbor, Labrador, showing the bleak, rugged character of the coast.

Across the North Atlantic on the *Shanghai*

Part II

From Iceland to Greenland and the Labrador, With the Loss of the Ship in the Hurricane of Last August

By Frederic Jay Wells

THE town of Reykjavik was very different from the cold, snowy mountains of the southern coast of Iceland, which we had sighted on our voyage from Norway. The land was comparatively low and the town itself, although not beautiful, was quite modern and up-to-date and its inhabitants numbered some 20,000 people.

After landing, we found a comfortable hotel to stay at, which boasted of a very good orchestra. Everywhere we were received courteously and the people took no end of trouble to assist us in every way possible. We met the Prime Minister, Mr. Mangusson, and also the Danish Minister, Mr. Fontanay, who was extremely agreeable and entertaining.

Mr. Fontanay very kindly invited us to join him on a trip to Thingvaller, in the interior of Iceland, some 30 miles from Reykjavik. We started by motor Tuesday evening after discharging Tom and leaving Ask in charge of the ship. On the following day we took a 40-mile ride on ponies to the northeast of Thinkvaller, up to the Skalbreaith volcano. We left the ponies half-way up the mountain and proceeded up the snow-covered slopes on foot, reaching the top without difficulty. We could just discern the outlines of the crater through the mist which enveloped the mountain. Suddenly, however, the mist cleared away, giving a magnificent view of the wild interior of Iceland. Before us, to the east, lay the icy slopes of the Long Jokull, to the south, between two peaks, we could clearly see the Westman Island some 80 miles away. Mt. Hecla stood out crystal white in the brilliant sunshine to the southeast. To the southwest, far below, lay Thinkvaller Lake, from whence we had come.

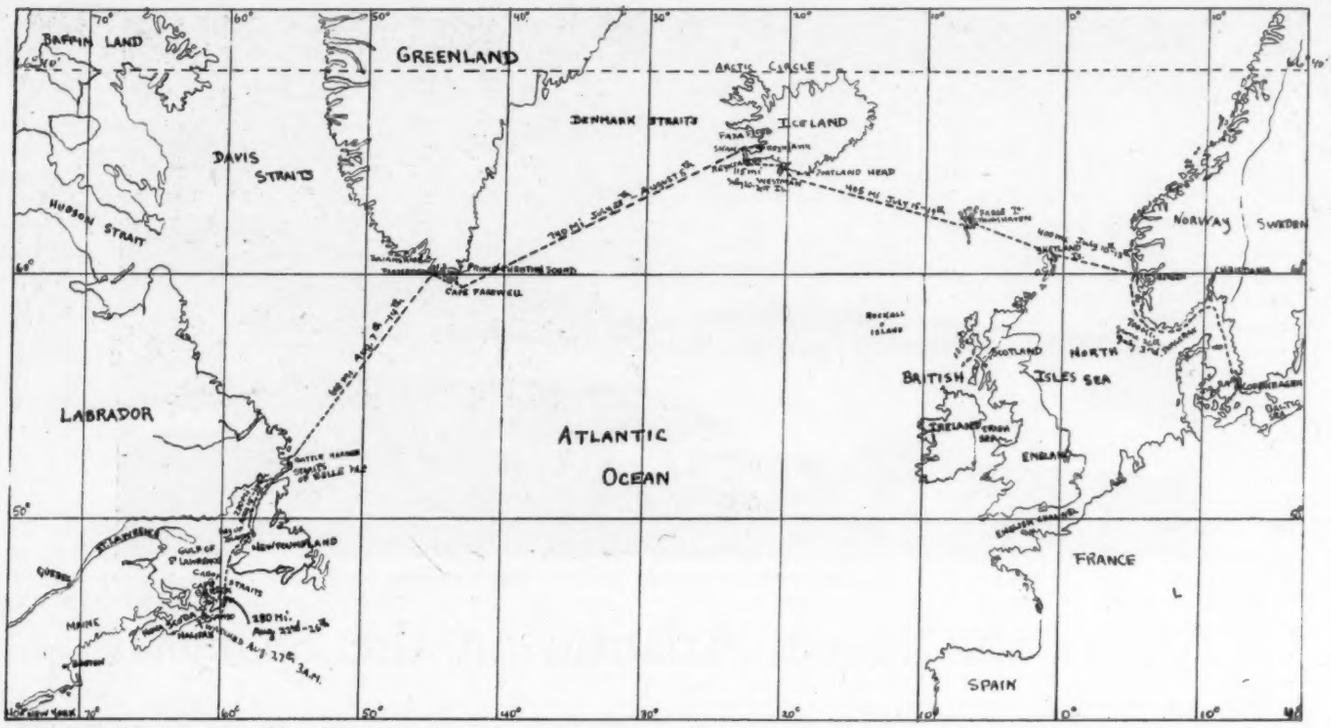
Thursday morning, after inspecting the huge rift caused by an earthquake centuries ago, we started on a second ride around the western end of the lake, up the foot-hills of the Hengel, to the boiling sulphur springs. We reached these infernal-looking springs about eight in the evening, then pushed down through a rocky gorge to a lonely valley. After a short rest, we crossed over a pass and traversed a wild lava field which led to a precipitous pass down to the welcomed farm on the western side of the Hengel. We had a sumptuous dinner at midnight and motored back to Reykjavik in the twilight hour. Along the road we passed a great number of people, for in the summertime Iceland never sleeps.

Upon our return to Reykjavik we found the *Leiv Eiriksson* had not yet arrived. We also heard that the World Flyers would not be in Reykjavik for over a week. We met Lieutenant Crumrine of the U. S. Air Service, who was in charge of preparations for the flyers' arrival. He gave us some valuable information and some excellent charts of the southern coast of Greenland. He had been there the previous year and knew all about the various settlements. The Navigating Officer of the Danish Cruiser *Fyla* was also very helpful in giving us all the information he had on the conditions of the currents, ice and weather near Greenland. We were advised not to try to make a landing on the east coast, so we decided to make for Fredericksdal, the first settlement on the west coast up from Cape Farewell.

The next two or three days were occupied in finding a man to go with us and getting sufficient provisions on board. The man we finally chose was a young Dane named Arnold Bagerskov. He was a chef in a Reykjavik restaurant and was keen to get to America. He could cook anything and he made some very delicious dishes on the trip. He served the meals promptly and quickly and also took one four-hour watch each day.

Late on the evening of July 26th the *Leiv Eiriksson*, which had been reported as leaving the Westman Island the previous day, came into Reykjavik. The next day we dined with Nutting and his crew at the hotel and learned of their experiences from the Faroes. They had made a landfall far to the east of Portland Light, on the south coast of Iceland, and had met very adverse weather after that which delayed their arrival.

Sunday afternoon we had the Danish minister and the



Track chart of the voyage of the *Shanghai*, showing where she was wrecked on the Nova Scotian coast in the hurricane of August 27th.

Prime Minister on board the *Shanghai* for a final visit. We had planned to start at noon on the 28th, but found that our famous Englehart lifeboat, which had been leaking more and more, was in very poor shape. The bottom planks had swelled very badly, and if it had not been for the fact that the boat was double-planked, it would have been of no use to us at all. After a hasty consultation with Nutting we decided not to buy a new dinghy in Reykjavik but to wait until we got to America. At two o'clock we weighed anchor and bade farewell to our friends and proceeded out of the harbor.

Shaping our course down Faxa Bay with a fresh southerly breeze, we made good time and sighted the low-lying point of Skagi at 4:30 P. M. By seven we had cleared the point and laid our course west northwest (mag.) for Cape Farewell, with the breeze increasing and Arnold, the new cook, enjoying the trip very much. By ten that evening the wind was still increasing so we decided to take in the mainsail and pass a comfortable night. Towards dawn the wind moderated, but the weather was murky all day. However, we were making good speed and did not have to use the motor until the following afternoon when the wind died out and the weather cleared. A sight showed us to be some 200 miles from Iceland.

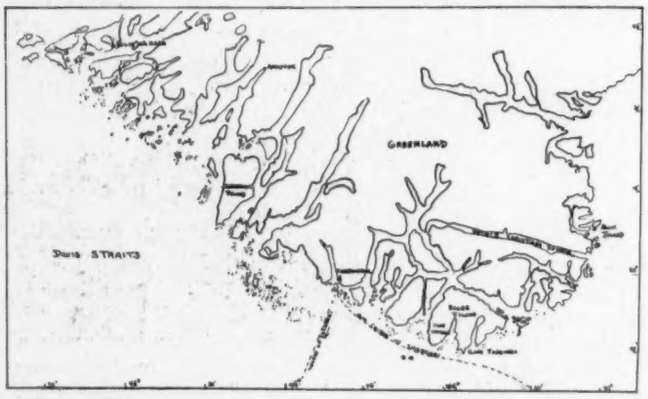


Chart of the southern end of Greenland around Cape Farewell.

We began to notice the increasing hours of darkness and also that the weather was growing colder. On the last day of July we used the motor all day under a clear and cloudless sky. After sunset an easterly wind sprang up and at four in the morning, the first of August, the bolt in the main boom gooseneck suddenly broke. Ask hunted around in the engine room, found another bolt, and inside of an hour we were on our way again. By noon, the 2nd of August, the wind had shifted to the northeast and increased to gale force by four o'clock. By suppertime we decided to heave to under the mizzen and staysail. Previous to this, Chapman had trimmed the sheets and lashed the tiller, finding that the ship steered herself for a considerable length of time without any attention, not varying more than half a point from the course. After we had hove to we were very comfortable as the ship took the large seas with ease and her decks were absolutely dry. The weather was quite cold and after reading the pilot guide we concluded that we were getting near the drift ice off the coast of Greenland. However, we decided that we were still a good 75 miles off and would not see land until late the next day.

Sunday the wind moderated and we used the motor in the afternoon. Just before supper we threw a bottle overboard stating that we were about 50 miles off the coast of Greenland and offered a reward for the delivery of the bottle in New York. That night we kept careful watch for signs of land and slowed the motor down to two knots during the hours of darkness from 11 to 3.

The next day the weather was clear, but there was very little wind. All the forenoon we scanned the distant cloudbanks for land. Hundreds of birds of all varieties showed us that we could not be very far from it, but as the visibility was extremely good we began to think that we had gone too far to the south and were running past Cape Farewell. This proved to be the case when a noon sight showed us that we were 60 miles southeast of Cape Farewell. We turned north and at three o'clock we

sighted the icy mountains of Greenland back of Cape Farewell, which must have been some 40 to 50 miles away. As we approached Cape Farewell we were all on deck looking at the wild, precipitous peaks, which were even more beautiful than any we had seen in Iceland, when Ask said he saw the dark form of a schooner rounding the eastern side of Cape Farewell. It was plainly visible to all of us and with the glasses we could even see it rolling. However, in a short time its color changed to gray, then a grayish green and as we got nearer it changed to a pale white, then crystal white. We saw that we were mistaken and that this was our first iceberg, and a good-sized one at that. We passed about 6 miles to the south of it and could see it very clearly towering some 200 feet above the water, with a huge cavern opening through on the western side and a low peak sticking out several hundred yards further on the same side. As it drifted by our stern it changed its colors again back to the pale white, green, gray and black and then faded into the dusk to the eastward. As we neared the coast we sighted several more icebergs, although none of them were as large as the one we had first seen. A low bank of fog crept in later and obscured the islands about Cape Farewell, but behind them, to the north, the snowy mountains and high glacial fields of the mainland became glistening white under the brilliant sky. Never have I seen such a brilliant night, the stars and moon were so bright that they almost dazzled one's eyes to look at them. The

View from the top of volcano in Iceland showing the rugged mountains of the interior.

sea was as calm as glass and the ghostly white forms of the icebergs made the scene all the more weird, but the most noticeable thing was the silence of it all. Not a sound was heard as the *Shanghai* drifted along easily to a light swell.

We had decided not to get too near the coast and had shut off the motor when darkness fell. Ask, who was on watch from midnight to four in the morning, enjoyed the full beauty of the night, but was startled by a whale which blew close by. He thought it was an iceberg pursuing us, as he had heard that icebergs sometimes traveled 15 to 20 miles an hour. Chapman and I were up at three-thirty and we got under way again at four. Just before this I had counted 75 icebergs, and in 10 minutes, with the increasing light, I discerned 125. After that I lost interest in counting them. It was very cold in the early morning and we could not put on enough clothes to keep warm, but Chapman made some hot tea which offset the proximity of the icebergs.

Slowly we picked our way through the ice towards Egger Island and by eight o'clock we had come abeam of it, about a mile and a half from shore. The mountains on the island tower some 2,200 feet above the sea and

The *Shanghai* getting under way from Battle Harbor, Labrador, on August 15th.

there is not a single green thing to be seen. Back of the island were steep and narrow fjords cutting deep into the land.

The country appeared to be very rocky and only in a few places was there any sign of vegetation. Greenland certainly deserves its old name, the Land of Desolation. There is the popular theory that the present name, Greenland, was given it in order to attract settlers there, as it was such a terrible looking land it was a fine place for all the undesirables. On the way up we had a magnificent view and the weather was perfect. As we approached Fredericksdal we scanned the coast with the glasses for signs of human habitations. At one o'clock we espied the red cupola of the church sharply contrasted against the dark gray sides of the shore and a few moments later, over the glistening waters, we saw an Eskimo in his kayak paddling at a terrific rate towards us on our starboard quarter. He soon came up to us and we took him and his boat on board and let him know by hand signs that we wanted to be piloted in. Soon other kayaks appeared and we nosed our way into the harbor with the entire town lined up on the shore to witness our arrival.

The harbor, if one may call it that, was very small and open to the sea at the southwest. It was so narrow that we had to pass a stern line on shore and make it fast to one of the rocks, as the *Shanghai* did not have room to swing at anchor. Ahead of us lay two rather large icebergs which were aground. At high tide they would float and move around and once we thought that our stern line would part as a small berg drifted down and was chafing it. We made preparations to go ashore immediately and Ask shaved as he said "you never can tell whom you may meet in a place like this." Six kayaks were about, looking at us, and showed great

The author (at right), and Chapman on deck of the *Shanghai* with the precipitous Labrador coast in the background.

The grave of the *Shanghai*, on the bold Nova Scotian Coast. The yacht fetched up in the niche in the lower left-hand corner.

glee when we put overboard our little collapsible lifeboat.

On shore we found that the whole population was extremely interested in us and they followed us *en masse* everywhere we went. We first visited the store and purchased some flour of rather ancient vintage. We then inspected the Moravian church, which was built 100 years ago and was undergoing extensive alterations and repairs. I took pictures of the entire population and of the buildings of the town. The population numbered only 179 in all—two white men and 177 Eskimos. After dinner we went ashore again and did some trading with cans of Norwegian boiled stew called Lapskaus. We exchanged these for sealskin boots and bird feather muffs. Also we traded some rather ancient blankets for sealskin pants and white rabbit skins. Ask was a very shrewd bargainer; he was careful to wait until the market got excited before he did any trading, and that night found us down in the cabin looking over sealskin products of all kinds and several hundred bird skins.

The following day the weather changed for the worse and a southwest wind brought rain. We did only a small amount of trading with the Eskimos in their kayaks and succeeded in getting one man to perform the "stunt" of turning completely over in his kayak; for this noble stunt he was rewarded with a large marmalade sandwich. The people seemed to be happy and smiled continually and were very interested in the *Shanghai*, as she was probably the largest boat that had ever been in there. The description of Fredericksdal and the coast to the south, which we read in the Pilot Guide, was made by a Lieutenant Graah, a Dane, who made a survey in the years 1823 and 1824. The description was very scant and the charts were not very accurate.

It seems that very few people had ever been close to Cape Farewell, as it was continually beset by ice, fog and stormy weather. We did not care to stay in Fredericksdal more than two days, for, in spite of the hospitality of the natives, the place seemed very lonely and desolate, and on learning from one of the Danes who lived there that Fredericksdal was the pleasantest place he had been in during his twelve-year residence in Greenland, we decided not to go to any other settlement. We were told that we could get fuel for the motor at Amistok, a settlement some 30 miles up the coast, where there were 11 Danes and an American engineer working a graphite mine. However, this did not tempt us, and on the morning of August 7th we got under way at 7 A. M., just as the fog lifted and the weather cleared, with a fresh breeze from the northwest. Two kayaks escorted us out of the harbor and their occupants waved a smiling farewell as we headed for the open sea. We made extremely good time from noon until four in the afternoon, logging 31 knots on the magnetic course of west. We were clear of all icebergs by noon and did not see any more the rest of the trip, although we kept careful watch while crossing Davis Strait.

The coast of Greenland was visible at a great distance out to sea, the snowy peaks of the mainland rising up into the pale blue eastern sky, giving us the last splendid view of the land of desolation.

Shortly after supper our first day out the wind increased to such strength that we thought it wise to run only under mizzen and staysail. However, it moderated during the night and the next morning found us rolling to a heavy sea with a light wind from the southwest. Towards noon this increased suddenly to a strong breeze, but at sunset it died out again. A late afternoon sight showed us to be some 120 miles on our way to Labrador. We had planned to stop at Battle Harbor, 10 miles up the coast from the Straits of Belle Isle, the distance being 600 nautical miles from Farewell.

On August 9th there was practically no wind and we used the motor all day. Visibility was not good and we were on constant watch for icebergs. Towards sunset a southeasterly wind sprang up which increased to half a gale in the early morning, but quickly died out again after sunrise. We then turned on the motor and continued under power until the following afternoon, experiencing our first fog which, however, was not very thick. On Tuesday evening we thought that we should be soon seeing Labrador and kept careful watch. A rainbow appeared in the eastern sky shortly before sundown which seemed to assure us that we were getting near home. On the following morning the rainbow again appeared, disappearing later in a fog bank which drifted up from the southwest. At noon I took a sight with the sun barely visible through the mist and a poor horizon. This put us some 35 miles off the coast of Labrador, opposite Battle Harbor. We changed our course to west by north and with a favoring breeze and the motor to help we reeled off 25 miles from two in the afternoon until six. The weather seemed to be clearing, but a mist set in that looked as it was going to stay for some time. The rainbow, however, appeared again and shortly after eight we sighted land dead ahead, faint blue hills against the setting sun. We all rejoiced at having actually sighted

(*Continued on page* 64)

Copyright Pubs. Photo Service

The Juniors of the Indian Harbor Yacht Club sailing a race in boats provided by members of the Club. Under competent instruction they "learned the game" fast.

Indian Harbor Yacht Club Juniors Have a Busy Season

ONE of the most successful junior yacht racing organizations on the Sound is the one conducted by the Indian Harbor Yacht Club, Greenwich, Conn., with Mr. B. Holt Willard as coach to the youngsters. This club has gone into the development of the juniors in a very practical and whole-hearted way and intends to maintain its Corinthian reputation through proper instruction of the juniors. Seventy-three young people were enrolled in the junior organization of this club during the past Summer. These were divided into three classes, viz.: beginners or landsmen, intermediate or ordinary seamen and experts or able seamen. Races were held for each of these three times a week, followed by a half-hour or so of classroom instruction in the fundamentals of seamanship, yacht etiquette, rules of the road, and the principles of pilot navigation.

Through the courtesy of owners practically all of the small boats in the harbor were made available for the use of the juniors, and it was not an unusual sight any morning or afternoon to see ten or more boats, manned by 25 or more boys or girls, racing with great earnestness off the Indian Harbor Club, with a motor boat in full pursuit to give them directions and advice. During the season some 375 boats took part in 124 races. A handsome silver cup, emblematic of the Junior Championship of the club, was presented to the boy who won the greatest number of points, and a 14-foot catboat was given to the second point winner. In addition, the Indian Harbor Juniors took part in many of the regattas on the Sound, as well as the championship races of the Junior Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound, and also the Stratford Shoal Night Race.

Copyright Pubs. Photo Service

A part of the Junior Class of the Indian Harbor Yacht Club, Greenwich, Conn. They took to sailing as ducks take to water.

The Last Trip of the Season

That Never-to-be-Forgotten Sail in the Late Autumn Before the Little Ship is Laid Up for the Winter

By C. H. J. Snider

NOT every day, in the break-up of the season, is meet for that "last trip" which will form the staple for conversation around the yacht club fire for many nights to come. The Old Man, as the faithful crew of Corinthians call their skipper, in flattering imitation of deep-sea custom, may have to study winds and waves—and markets—for a week or more before he can make it. But at last the great occasion comes, there is

"She spears her bowsprit down the hollow of the wave-trough, then tosses her bows defiantly over a roaring mass of foam."

a fluttering of canvas at the anchorage where swing the few survivors of the yacht fleet—and the Last Tripper is outward bound.

She goes boiling through the harbor entrance, sitting bolt upright in the smooth water, her reefed sails swollen out on either side, wing-and-wing. The wind is fresh from the east and blows her whipping flags straight ahead of her. Storm warnings are up on the signal mast at the harbor entrance—a black cone, with a big cylinder or drum beneath it, forecasting a gale, a heavy gale, from the westward.

The crew point to the signal, slanting on the breeze like a corpse swung in chains from a gibbet arm; and the Old Man admits its existence, in a superior sort of way. Personally he has an ingrained suspicion that the Government weather forecaster is a lineal descendant of Ananias and Sapphira. Still, he admits that "Old Probs" has been known to tell the truth; and, what is more, the scud is already racking overhead from the sou'west, black rags of vapor tearing across the blank gray of the sky.

The water close to the harbor mouth is beaten flat under the strokes of the booming breeze. Ere the sea "makes," they hoist their towing dinghy into the cockpit, an unusual maneuver aboard the Last Tripper, involving the labor of all hands, and crowding everybody a little after its accomplishment.

"You're racing, Skipper, eh?" comments the newest of the unpaid hands.

"Yes," says the Skipper, "I'm racing that chap dead ahead."

Looking the ship squarely in the eye, far, far ahead on the troubled horizon is an irregular purplish patch, as vague, as fantastic as the receding city front astern, whereof the towers and spires and domes and cupolas are swiftly fading into smoke wreaths.

"That's a squall working up," says the Old Man, "and if we can't make Port-o'-Peace before it strikes down, we'll likely have to run back—that's all."

His tone for the last two words conveys the impression that having to run back is a disgrace only comparable to the defeat and dispersion of the Spanish armada.

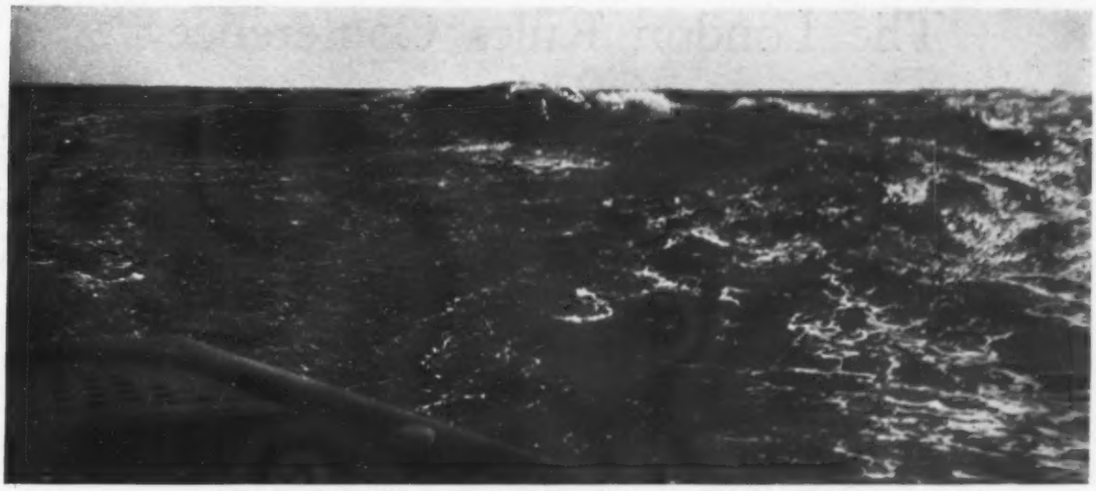
"Would it help any to run the engine?" asks one.

"No," says the Skipper, "we're driving her as hard as she can go. The propeller'd only churn the water." In his heart of hearts he has a wholesome respect for his auxiliary gasoline engine, with its ready help in calms and head-beating seas; but with a "fair wind and plenty of it," he rejoices in his independence.

Swiftly the flat-beaten seas swell into long rollers, foam-crowned, vociferating, pursuing. More and more frequently one of them, swifter than his fellows, overtakes the flying Last Tripper. Up flirts her stern, like the tail of Tam-o'-Shanter's gray mare, Meg. Deep she spears her bowsprit down the hollow of the wave-trough, then, tossing her bows defiantly over a roaring mass of foam, she soars up, up, up, in a wild leap, as the crest of the sea underruns her. It is a splendid performance, this hurdling of the chasing billows; a test of judgment, of nerve, and of gear. Like all true fore-and-afters, the Last Tripper bites savagely to windward every time she rises on a crest, so as to have a look at her smiter. Up, hard up, the wheel spokes twist; then down they whirl through the Skipper's hands, for a swift correction of the varying course. Just in time, for she has swung till the head canvas gives a warning flap, and a jibe, that dread of the storm-driven, is just averted.

And higher, ever higher, ahead of them, spreading now far above the wing of the straining close-reefed mainsail, rises the menace of the sou'west squall—working up, in true squall fashion, from leeward, against the prevailing wind. The water, under the purpling cloud banks, has slowly changed from somber gray to green, very deep, and strangely vivid. The foam-crowned wave tops prickle and glow in the dark green ground like jets of white flame. The city, the paved, the policed, the civilized, well-regulated city, has vanished astern. Even the land-line abeam has become blurred and vague, a mere band of high-tossed breakers, leaping and falling back and recharging against an indefinite frieze of gray-brown shore. But under the squall cloud, every time the dripping bows go down, shows now the squat lighthouse and smoking chimneys of the little Port-o'-Peace—a suburb, really, of the great city, attainable by an hour's trolley ride, but, regarded in the storm light of an autumn water journey, as remote as though on a different planet.

It soon becomes plain that the Last Tripper will not be able to enter her haven with the sails on their present side. Swung that way they would carry her up to the



"The foam-crowned wave tops prickle and glow in the dark green ground astern."

harbor mouth, but to allow her to enter, they have to come over; and it is better to do that now, out in open water, than to attempt it in the turmoil and tumult of the narrow jaws of the entrance to the port, with Scylla on one side in the form of the lighthouse, and ancient and ragged piers representing Charybdis on the other.

Wearing ship and jibing is no child's play in the sea that is running, even with acres of room. The Skipper goes about it carefully, and as there is but scant room in the small harbor ahead, decides to take off the main at the same time. Foot by foot the mainsheet is hauled aft until the straining sail is all inboard. Then, with topping lifts set up, the halliards are let go and the crew smother the released canvas. Small as the area of the reefed sail is, the wind puffs and bloats it like a rebellious balloon, and it is only by toiling with might and main that the bellying convolutions are reduced to a compact roll and tightly gasketed between gaff and boom.

"Smack it about some!" urges the Skipper, in imitation of Beatty's famous call for speed when bound for Jutland. "Smack it about some, or we'll be past the place before we get the jibe finished." The Last Tripper is "smacking it about some" herself, and is already abreast of the lighthouse.

Once the mainsail is stowed, jib and mizzen sheets are hauled flat, until the pursuing wind catches only the edges of the sails. Then the Skipper bellows: "Hang on everybody, and let the mizzen sheet run the second the sail flops. Jibe-O!"

With that, having caught the glimpse of a "smooth" out of the tail of his eye, he spins the spokes of the wheel up. A breaker bursts in froth on either side of the little ship, a side-slapping hangover sea spills a barrel of water into the cockpit, the Last Tripper staggers drunkenly, and then, with a double crash, jib and mizzen swing over and fill on the new course. She heels till the water boils over the lee rail, another side-slapper spills another barrel over the weather quarter. Zzzz! the mizzen sheet pays out, and, finding her feet again, she picks herself up and resumes her race havenward just in time to dodge a grandfather billow which bursts in swirling masses of foam under her transom.

"Pretty near a good washing!" grins the Skipper, standing up to let the water drain from his oilskins.

Next moment they are in the maelstrom of the pierhead seas. Gray-backed, white-crested rollers smite the lighthouse and shoot up in spray clouds as high as its weathervane. Brown floods of river water meet the seas the lighthouse cannot balk, and wrestle with them until the weeds and sand of the watery floor are hurled aloft in geyser spouts. Amid the roar of the billows the whistle of a locomotive, inland, wails like a lost soul; and the gulls, forced inshore by the fall gale, pipe a discordant chorus. Through the slather of the broken water the black timbers of the ancient piers show and vanish like devils playing hide-and-seek.

The Last Tripper leaps toward the lighthouse as a racer going for a hurdle. Flap! Slap! Her sails empty for a second as the shaft of the tower cuts off the wind, and she lurches down the hollow of a bursting sea as though to prostrate herself at the tower's foot. Bang! her sails fill again, and she rolls over in the opposite direction, as if bound to impale herself on the fangs of the opposite pier. Crash! another sea bursts astern of her, and shoots her forward into the channel like a batted ball. The dodging devils of the broken pier-spiles run past her in swift procession. The little basin of the harbor, with its weather-beaten buildings, battered old hulks, and bulrush beds all aslant in the strong breeze, opens out at the inner end of the channel. Its waters are wind-whipped and furrowed by the ground swell carried in from outside and the river current urging its way to the ultimate sea; but compared with the turmoil of the pier-heads these inner waters are halcyon.

"Stand by the anchor!" the Skipper calls, as soon as he has caught his breath. Down spin the wheelspokes, up into the wind romps the Last Tripper, her spray-sodden canvas flailing itself dry ere it descends to the pull of the cheerily manned downhaul.

"Let go!" is the next call, as she loses headway, and with a splash the mudhook descends to the oozy bottom.

Ten minutes later, when the sou'west squall outside bursts in a white fury that knocks everything flat, the Last Trippers listen to the raindrops on the cabin scuttle kettle-drumming an accompaniment to the sausages sizzling on the galley stove. The city is only a few miles away—half an hour by train, an hour by trolley—but *they* have won to a different world, a separate universe, the world of well-won rest; which is why they call the grubby little place the Port-o'-Peace.

Championship Standing in the Star Class

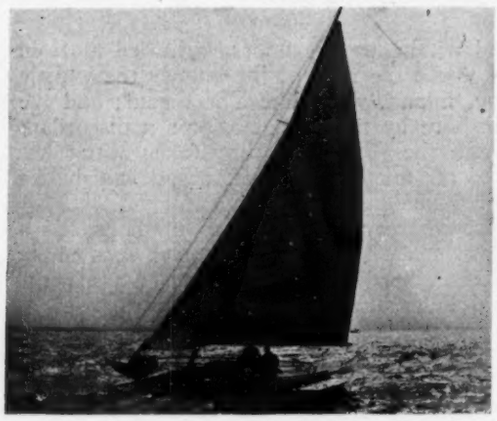
The Recorder of the Long Island Sound Yacht Racing Association sends the corrected standing of the yachts that qualified for the season's championship in the Star Class. This places *Gemini* in second place with 77%, and not *Little Dipper*, the latter having 61%.

The London Rules Conference

WHILE the report of the American "observers" at the recent Rules Conference of the International Yacht Racing Union, held in London, October 16th and 17th, have not been made public, the general results of the conference are now known and can be set forth.

The two unofficial delegates from the United States, Charles Lane Poor and Junius Morgan, of the New York Yacht Club, were present at the invitation of the Yacht Racing Union, and took part in the discussion, though having no votes. The object of the conference was to recommend any changes in the International Rating Rule for adoption next year, when the present rules agreement terminates.

In the classes from Six to Twelve Meters inclusive, no alterations were made in the present rules, except some slight ones regarding scantlings in the Six-Meter Class. In the other classes above Twelve Meters, the matter of any suggested changes were left to a sub-committee consisting of Great Britain and Scandinavia, to consult with the New York Yacht Club.



The Six-Meter sloop, *Betty*, a Fife creation, now owned by Henry L. Maxwell, is an excellent example of the type developed under the International Rating Rule.

This means that as regards the smaller classes there will be no chance of getting a compromise rule which would be acceptable to the International Yacht Racing Union and the United States for another six years. If we want to get a truly international rule, we must adopt the present International Rule as it stands. At the conference it was pointed out that much of the present International Rule was adopted from our present rule (the Universal), though a number of linear measurements as safeguards were added. The points of similarity and divergence of the two rules are ably set forth in this issue by Henry L. Maxwell, so that one can see at a glance how the two rules "stack up."

Summarizing the results of the meeting, the *Yachting World*, of London, says:

"Thirteen countries were represented, countries in which yachting is carried on under many varying conditions, and in which ideal forms of racing yachts can hardly be identical. In spite of the fact that interests may in some cases have been conflicting, the atmosphere of the conference was most amicable throughout, and it is impossible to overrate the value of friendly intercourse between competitors in all forms of international sport.

"Some of the representatives were very strongly in favor of an addition to the scantlings required in the international classes. As far as the classes of over twelve-meters measurement were concerned, the conference was unanimous in approving increased scantlings. But in the case of the six-meter class a very large vested interest was represented, and the opinion was naturally expressed that it would be wrong to make any new rules for the building of the class which would destroy the value of a large number of existing boats. For a time it seemed as if a deadlock might result, but eventually a compromise which appeared to go far towards satisfying everyone was reached, and it was decided to increase the thickness of the planking by two millimeters, roughly one-twelfth of an inch, the other scantlings remaining unchanged. In the opinion of one representative who has had immense experience of racing in all classes of small yachts, this additional two millimeters, which entails an increase of hull weight of from 60 to 67 pounds, will not make any difference in the speed of a six-meter yacht.

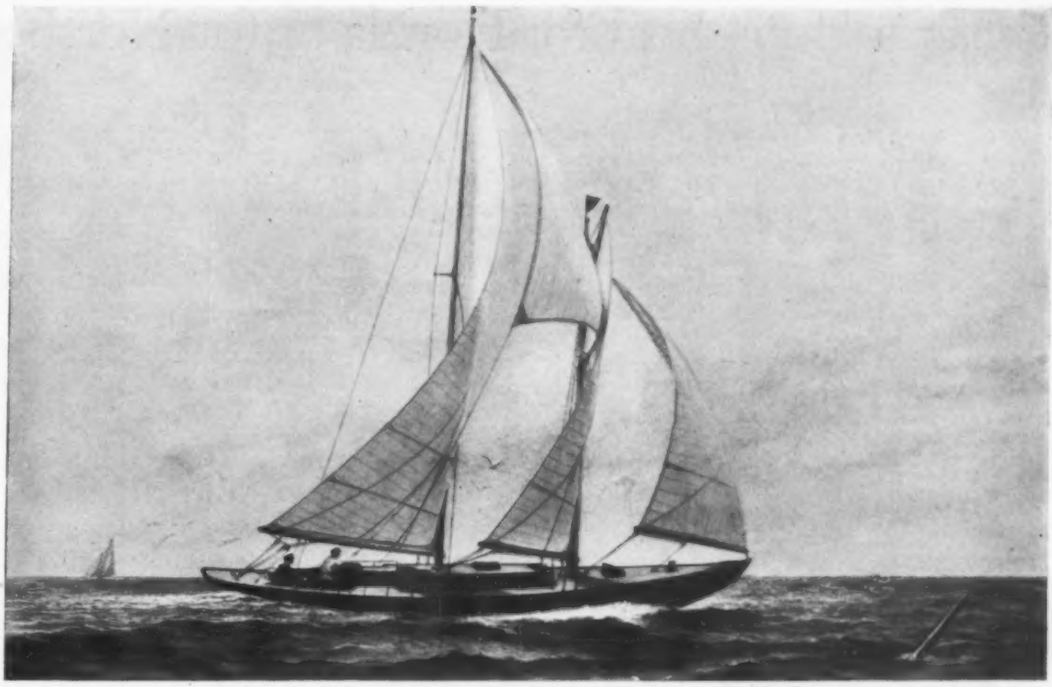
"As a general principle, anything which tends to make racing yachts more strong and useful must be a step in the right direction. It is, perhaps, not too much to hope that eventually scantling rules may be found which may be applied with equal success both to racing and cruising yachts. At the present time a yacht which races is given a special 'R' Class at Lloyd's, and one which is built for cruising an A.1 Class. No matter what the actual facts may be, there is a fixed idea in the mind of the public that the 'A.1' Class denotes a more seaworthy form of construction than the 'R' Class. It is a pity that this should be so. Whether a yacht races or cruises, she should be constructed so as to be as seaworthy as possible, and it is not impossible that eventually scantling rules may be drawn up by which this object will be achieved.

"One outstanding result of the conference has been that the rules governing the six-meter class remain practically unaltered, and there can be no doubt that the majority of those present were very glad.

"The other question which was in everybody's mind was how far the blending of the American Universal Rule and the European International Rule would appear to be a future possibility. At the beginning of the conference Professor Poor, as representative of the New York Yacht Club, gave a detailed explanation of the working of the Universal Rule, and he exhibited a number of models of yachts which had been built under that Rule. It is sincerely to be hoped that eventually a Rule may be found which will be acceptable to racing yachtsmen all the world over. But the time is not yet. It was evident that Professor Poor considered the Universal to be superior to the International Rule, but we on this side of the Atlantic preferred our own. Certainly, to our eyes, the models of the American yachts which were shown could not be compared with those of the greatest of the European designers in beauty of line or convenience of form. It is not for a moment suggested that American designers would not be able to produce yachts which are just as beautiful as those designed in Europe, but it does seem plain that the Rule under which they are working does not allow them to design yachts which have the same appearance of balance and symmetry as those built under the International Rule."

For the better discussion of the rules, Major B. Heckstall-Smith prepared a paper upon the differences of the American and the International Rules. In this paper he outlined the points of agreement and of difference in the Universal and International Rules of Yacht Measure-

ment. It showed by means of mathematical formulæ where the two rules agreed, namely upon displacement and draught. The paper also reviewed the main points of difference between the Universal Rule and the International Rule, and showed that one point was a most important difference of *principle,* another a matter of detail relating to the bow. Regarding the difference of principle, the Universal Rule is practically S.A. alone. The International Rule is practically L.+S.A. Obviously there is a desire to control the overhangs and get a good form of bow. The Universal Rule in detail seeks to accomplish this by means of quarter-beam measurement. The International Rule seeks to accomplish it by means of bow and stern girth taxes, he said.



A new one-design class of racing schooners designed by Cox and Stevens. Some ten or a dozen are being built for next year.

In bringing the Conference to a close, Sir William Burton said in part: "My closing remarks would be incomplete if I did not bear witness to the fact that we are very much obliged to America for sending over even observers here; we do appreciate very much the fact that they have thought it worth while to come and listen to us at this Conference and learn a good deal about our rules, and learn how to go to work to manufacture them. I shall be disappointed if they go back without feeling that they have learned something. Certainly we are of the opinion that we have got an extremely good rule, and while we are not above doing all we possibly can to bring America in, or to get closer together, I think that as we have copied so much of what is good in the American Rule into our Rule, it seems almost possible that our Rule, as it has taken the good that was in the American Rule, is better than theirs is at the present moment. We hope to pursue our conversations, and we hope that those conversations may result in some good. I propose not to ask for a definite decision immediately upon the rule for yachts above 12-meters, but to request Professor Poor and Mr. Morgan to go back to America, report the result of what has taken place, and probably finish our deliberations by correspondence."

New Star Class Fleets Forming

By granting charters to two more fleets the International Star Class Yacht Racing Association has brought its number of organized fleets up to twenty-seven and with a fleet now established on the Gulf of Mexico has developed the class in every major section of North America. There are now organized fleets on both Atlantic and Pacific Coasts from north to south in the U. S. A. and Canada; on the Great Lakes, the Gulf of Mexico and the Gulf of Georgia, in Cuba, Hawaii, Australia and New Zealand. This has been accomplished in three years. The latest fleets are: New Orleans—Gulf Star Fleet; Secretary, P. E. Edrington, Jr., 420 Whitney Bldg., New Orleans, La., and San Diego Bay Fleet; Secretary, J. E. Jessop, San Diego, Cal.

The first definite steps in organizing the class in England are being taken by Lieutenant-colonel Moore-Brabazon, 26 Eaton Place, London, S.W., England. As a starter he has the two Stars owned by Lord Egerton of Talton, around which a fleet will be built. That Sweden is also about to take up the class is shown by a two-page article in the October *Till Rors,* the leading Swedish yachting publication. The Stars' interests are being looked after in that country by Mr. Nils L. Jungzell, Malmskill Nadsgatan 4211, Stockholm.

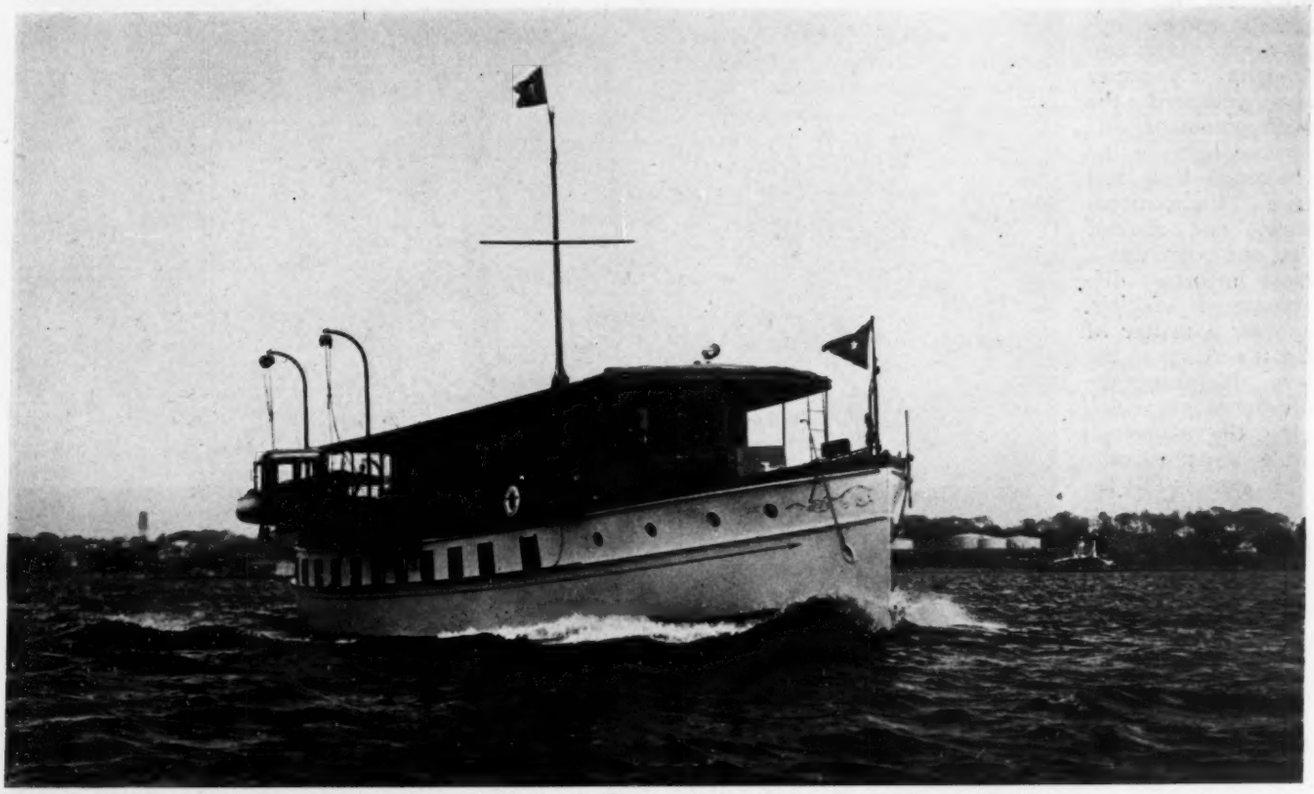
A New One-Design Schooner Class

Long Island Sound will see a new one-design racing class next year and the boats will be schooner rigged instead of the conventional sloop rig. The new class originated with members of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club, and the plans were prepared by Cox and Stevens, of New York, and contract placed with the Bath Iron Works, Bath, Maine. The dimensions are l.o.a. 58′ 6″, l.w.l. 38′ 0″, beam 12′ 0″, draft 7′ 9″.

The idea of the designers was to turn out a boat of the maximum size that could be handled by one paid hand and one that was comfortable for cruising, yet sufficiently fast to make interesting racing. The boats are about the same size as the Larchmont O Class and have good deck and cockpit room, while below the accommodations include a comfortable double stateroom with plenty of hanging space for clothes, a large main cabin, well-equipped galley and large forecastle.

Something of an innovation for a racing yacht will be the fact that they will be equipped with auxiliary power in the shape of a small 9-12 h.p. motor installed forward, where it will be out of the way, and turning a folding propeller which will not interfere with sailing qualities to any extent, but which will give enough power to make port in a calm.

Topaz, a Houseboat for Florida or for Northern Waters



Topaz is a fine example of the modern houseboat suitable for the Florida trip in winter and coastwise cruising in northern waters in summer. She is 82 feet long and was designed and built by the New York Yacht Launch and Engine Co. Mr. J. Richmond Fales, of Providence, owns her

The deckhouse contains the dining and living rooms as well as the pilot house.

The after deck of *Topaz*, with its comfortable deck furniture and shelter seat.

The owner's stateroom offers as much in the way of comfort for a season's cruise as the bedroom of a summer home.

The International and the American Rating Rules

A Comparison of the Two Measurement Rules Showing Wherein They Differ and Are Identical

By Henry L. Maxwell

THE recent decisive victory of the British Six-Meter team, which showed conclusively that it is possible to build a yacht capable of winning on either side of the Atlantic, has once more raised the question of a uniform measurement rule for both sides of the "pond."

At present there are two major measurement rules: the International, which holds sway throughout most of Europe and Latin America (this will hereafter be referred to as the British Rule), and the Universal, used only in the United States and Canada. This last will be referred to hereafter as the American Rule.

In their present form, neither of these rules "bears down" too heavily on yachts built to the other rule and such being the case, now, if ever, is the time to promulgate a truly international measurement rule. This may be done in one of three ways. I. Let North America adopt the British rule. II. Let Europe adopt the American rule, or, III, Let both get together on a compromise rule.

A comparison of the two existing rules should help towards an understanding of this question.

The British and American rules are alike on the following points: Both are anti-centerboard rules; the British specifically so, while the American, though permitting the use of the centerboard, makes it a more or less superfluous luxury. In passing it may be said, however, there is one powerful American yacht club that would probably refuse to adopt the British rule unless this anti-centerboard clause were deleted. This clause might be called the "Article X" of yachting.

As stated above, the types of yachts produced by these two rules are highly similar, except that the British Rule produces a vessel somewhat narrower, with a higher ratio of ballast to total weight.

Both rules measure sail area and in practically the same manner.

Both limit untaxed draft by practically the same formula (British —16% l.w.l. + 1.64 and American —16% l.w.l. + 1.75), which, in our case, may be extended at a prohibitive penalty, but in their case not at all.

The displacement formula in both rules is also identical though the method of taxing any deficiency in this element is highly dissimilar but with practically the same results.

Both rules limit the height of masts, and with practically the same results, though arrived at through quite different methods of calculation.

Both rules tax full ends, but by quite different methods. Both limit the minimum length and position of battens with practically the same results, though by different methods. Both rules employ arbitrary coefficients (British 2.50 and American 0.18), selected so as to make the final rating, at the time of inception of each rule, approximate the load water line. At present this coefficient in each rule is more or less obsolete. This would seem to end the similarities of the two rules.

The chief difference between these two rules is that, generally speaking, the British is a "length and sail area" rule, though in a highly camouflaged form, while the American is a "sail area" rule, also well camouflaged.

The British formula $\frac{L + \frac{1}{4}G + 2d + \sqrt{S} - F}{2.5}$ may be expressed as follows: $\frac{L + \sqrt{S}}{2.5} + \frac{\frac{1}{4}G + 2d - F}{2.5}$

The right-hand section of this formula, when worked out on several six-meter yachts, increased the left-hand section by about 2.2% on the average (in the American boats it is about 2.5%). Hence the rule may be expressed

$$\frac{1.022\,(L + \sqrt{S})}{2.5}$$

and when we consider that L is made up largely of l.w.l., it is seen that we have nothing more than the old Hyslop Rule (evolved in 1883), plus methods for taxing undesirable features that were unknown in his day. We may safely call this a "Hyslop Plus" rule.

The innocuous American formula $0.18\,\frac{L\sqrt{S}}{\sqrt[3]{d}}$ is also open to variation. A glance at our method of determining "length" will show that L equals l.w.l. plus a penalty, if any, for full ends, called quarter-beam length excess, and also under "limits and penalties" it is seen that the maximum creditable to displacement is 20% of l.w.l. + 0.50. Substituting these factors, and realizing that in a majority of cases there is little, if any, tax for full ends, and that most "displacements" exceed the amount creditable, we have a new formula as follows: $0.18\,\frac{\text{l.w.l.} \times \sqrt{S}}{0.20 \times \text{l.w.l.} \times .50}$

Now 0.18=90% of 0.20, so our formula now is $90\%\,\frac{0.20 \times \text{l.w.l.} \times \sqrt{S}}{0.20 \times \text{l.w.l.} + 0.50}$. Were it not now for the constant "0.50" we would have by cancellation $0.90\sqrt{S}$ as our formula, or, in other words, our yachts would measure at 90% of the square root of their respective sail areas plus possible additional taxes for excessive draft, or full ends or displacement deficiency. However, said constant, 0.50, is still with us, thereby making the percentage coefficient a variable, ranging from 80 in yachts of 20 ft. l.w.l. to 87.56 in 90 ft. l.w.l. vessels, and derived from the following sub-formula: $\% = \frac{0.90\,L}{L + 2.50}$.

Whether a purely sail area basis, or a length and sail area one, produces the better rule is a moot question. It would seem that the latter is more "cheatproof." On the other hand the general trend of our measurement rules in the last forty years has been toward the former method. Moreover, except in "one-weather" boats, the square root of the sail area of the successful yachts has seldom varied greatly from the l.w.l. length, thereby making the American Rule, for all practical purposes, a length and sail area rule. However, this omission of l.w.l. length is an inviting loophole to the efficient rule cheater and might better be plugged.

The British method, in the smaller classes, of limiting the height of masts (twice the l.w.l. measured from the water) is much simpler than ours ($1.7\sqrt{S}+5$ ft. measured from the deck), with practically the same results. In the larger yachts the British Rule is l.w.l. x 1.75+5 ft., also measured from the l.w.l. Theoretically, varying the height of the mast according to the sail area should be the better method, but using the l.w.l. as a starting point is preferable.

The necessity or desirability of their chain girth measurement is open to question. This is a measurement taxing draft and beam jointly, so that either element may be increased at the expense of a reduction of the other one

As a tax of draft it is good, but as a tax on beam it is the opposite. Its direct result is that it produces a narrow boat that is hard to haul out, owing to the keel, in most cases, being cut up forward. Were the use of centerboards permitted, this chain girth measurement would be much more important.

Their measurement of girth difference, aimed at possible fin keel developments, is quite ingenious and might well be included, in a proper form, in the American "limits and penalties" list. Their giving credit for freeboard is sound legislation, though some yachtsmen think they overplay it. Their limiting the tumble-home is conservative, to say the least, doing no harm anyway.

In one respect the British Rule is decidedly superior to ours, and that is in measuring a yacht's "L." Both are "l.w.l. Plus" elements. In our rule we add to the l.w.l. a penalty for full ends, based on the excess of a most intangible dimension (known as the quarter-beam length) over said l.w.l. This Q.B.L. is measured longitudinally and, moreover, is very difficult to determine and still more difficult to check up.

Their "L" is the sum of a fictitious l.w.l. obtained by theoretically submerging the yacht to a point 1½% of her class rating, and to the new l.w.l. thus obtained adding girth differences, measured separately at the ends of this new l.w.l. While rather complicated to describe, this method is extremely simple to apply or re-check. In these last two respects it is much superior to our own. It also measures inclined sailing length more accurately than does our rule. Its weak point is that it produces a bow with little or no flare, which means a wet boat. However, this defect could be easily remedied.

In one thing our rule seems to be superior, and that is in the question of scantlings. The British Rule has fixed minimum requirements for each and every class, irrespective of the size of the yacht in question. Herein this rule is too elastic, it having been pointed out that in the Six-Meter Class *Romany* was 1/3 larger than *Mosca*, but required no heavier scantlings. This is an obvious defect. Our method, being based on displacement, which, in turn, is based on l.w.l., varies directly as the size of the boat in question.

The British Rule has one curious twist. It allows the upper third of a mast to be hollow, but from there down it must be solid. This means a built-up mast, quite as costly as an entirely hollow one, but without the latter's good points.

All this brings us to the question "What are we going to do about it?" Taking everything into consideration, such as the possibility of Canada's adopting the British Rule (possibly followed later by American Yacht Clubs on the Great Lakes), it would seem that the simplest way to effect an international rule would be for us to adopt the British one. However, it might be desirable for us to get up a "new" rule practically, if not absolutely, identical with theirs and which, if the occasion later necessitated, could be discarded without our having to withdraw from any international association.

As for the proposition of getting a truly international rule, it looks like a case of "eventually, why not now?"

It's All in the Day's Boating

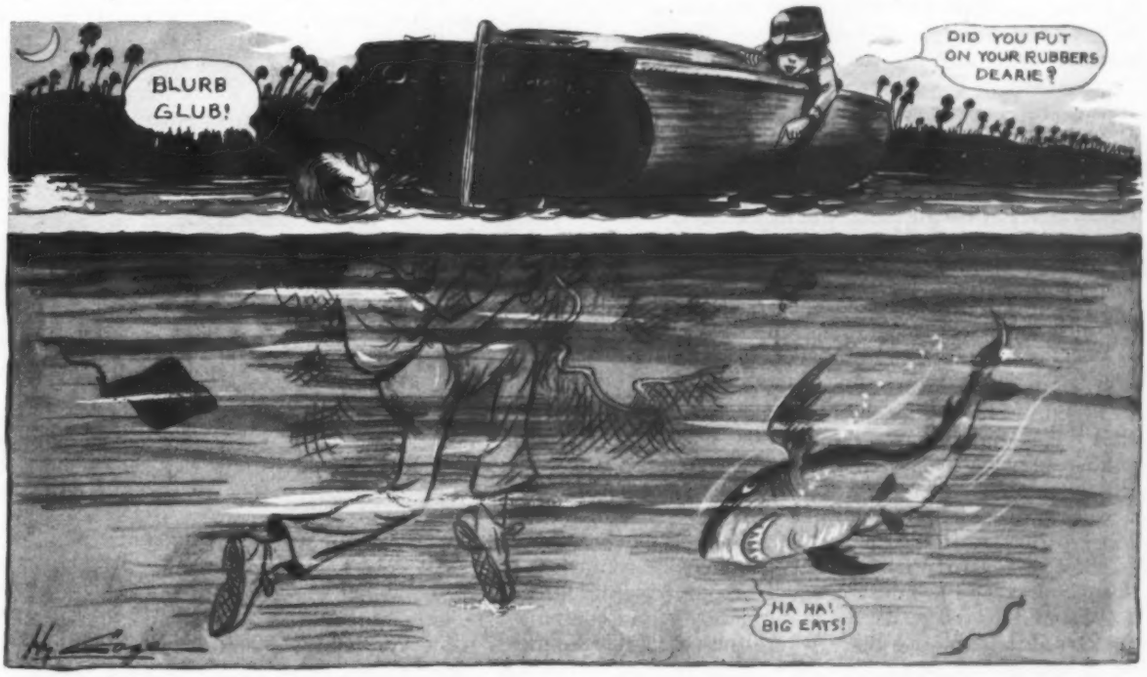
Give the Fish Nets a Wide Berth, or What May Happen to the Unwary on the Indian River

By Hy Gage

THE end of a perfect day? Well, it might have been if some careless fisherman had obeyed the law and put a light on his net. But he didn't. And along came we!

It had been a day to remember. A more or less risky run a number of miles off shore from the Gilbert's Bar Inlet on the Florida coast to the fishing banks, a goodly haul of giant red snappers, and about midnight we almost were within sight of home. Nemesis in the shape of a gill net about a mile long stretching across the Indian River channel was lying in wait for unsuspecting fish and motorboats.

(*Continued on page* 94)



"Suddenly the steady hum of the propeller changed to a muffled threshing and then died. The poor fish were all netted, meaning us."

Yachting

Herbert L. Stone, Editor

Samuel Wetherill, Associate Editor

Editorial

No Word from *Leiv Eiriksson*

THE past month has brought no further news of the *Leiv Eiriksson* or "Bill" Nutting, and the little sloop is among the missing. Since our last issue indirect word was received that the sloop had reached Julianahaab, Greenland, in August and left there September 8th for Battle Harbor, Labrador. This was confirmed through the Norwegian Government by our State Department.

With this confirmation, and no word from the vessel by the end of October, some seven weeks after she had sailed, the Cruising Club of America appealed to the Navy Department and President Coolidge for a ship to search the area in which she would be most likely to have drifted in case she had carried away her rig or become disabled. The cruiser *Trenton,* with Captain Kalbfus and Captain "Bob" Bartlett aboard, sailed November 3rd and spent some two weeks searching without result. The receipt of a report of the weather over the course the *Eiriksson* would have taken shows very bad conditions for the ten days following her departure. Strong south and southwest gales prevailed there September 9th to 11th, and heavy northwest gales September 16th to 18th. It is possible that these forced the *Eiriksson* to return to Greenland or else forced her into the ice that flows around Cape Farewell and northward along the west coast of Greenland. In the latter event, if the little vessel was damaged the crew may have gotten ashore to Greenland over the ice. It has been done many times before. In either event we may not hear until the last vessel from Greenland reaches Copenhagen in December, or perhaps not until next year.

We still believe that the next news will come from Greenland. But it must be remembered that the vessel and crew were not outfitted for wintering in the Arctic and that their hope of safety lies in getting ashore and reaching a settlement or falling in with Eskimos. That the party deliberately pushed north to see more of the Greenland Coast we do not believe. They were already late in the year for leaving Greenland, and it would have been foolhardly to attempt to go farther north, unless they were forced to do so by conditions.

The Motor Boat Show

When the curtain rings up for the year 1925, it will find the stage all set for the first "event" of the season in the world of yachting—the Annual Motor Boat Show. In the twenty years of its existence the Show has become such a valuable contribution to the yachting year that it is looked forward to by yachtsmen the country over. There is good reason for this. For here, under one roof, may be seen each year the latest product of our naval architects, yacht building yards, engine manufacturers and equipment makers. It is the one place where the year's development in design and construction can be best studied. It is the place where yachtsman, manufacturer, builder and designer can meet on common ground, discuss the needs of one and the aims of the other, and exchange views on questions of vital interest to both.

Above all, it is the place where yachtsmen come to meet each other and to talk boat. From all over the country they come, lured by the prospect of studying boat and engine design and of having a "gam" on the subject which obsesses most of us. It's these things that make the Show a real part of the yachting year. This year's Show will be held, as usual, in the Grand Central Palace from January 2nd to 10th.

Results of International Rules Conference

The report of the recent conference of the International Yacht Racing Union in London is to be found in this issue of YACHTING. The United States was represented unofficially and took part in the discussion. Though the merits of our measurement rule were expounded by such an able representative as Prof. Charles Lane Poor, the British and European delegates would have none of it. This is not to be wondered at. They had a rule of their own which had given general satisfaction for some six years, a large vested interest in a number of classes under the rule, and they saw no advantage in making a change, especially as it was pointed out that their present rule already embodied the best features of our rule with more rigid safeguards than ours has apparently provided. So our claims did not make much of an impression and a compromise rule was not considered at this time. So we are just where we were before, with a genuine desire on both sides of the Atlantic to have the same measurement rule and to develop much the same type of boat, and a reluctance to discard something which is understood and which has proved satisfactory.

Need for a National Yachting Body

With a growing feeling that some changes are about due in our measurement as well as our sailing rules, we are again brought face to face with the need of a real National racing body. At present we have a number of local racing organizations composed of yacht clubs in the immediate vicinity of one another. These are more or less (usually less) efficient and each is free to adopt any measurements or sailing rules it sees fit. Unanimity is by courtesy and expediency only.

What we need, and should have, is a national association. Possibly the best method at hand of creating this is the formation of a National Yacht Racing Association, composed of delegates from the local association, or from individual clubs, if there are any not members of any association. This has been done successfully on the Great Lakes, where the Yacht Racing Union is composed of all the yacht racing associations on those lakes. Some other form of organization might be preferable, however, and we hold no brief for any one kind; but where the needs of the various yachting centers in this country are so nearly identical, some national governing body seems essential. Let's go to it and get one started!

In the World of Yachting

GHERARDI DAVIS

ALTHOUGH Gherardi Davis has been sailing yachts only for the past fourteen or fifteen years, he has in that time become so prominently identified with the sport that his name is well known wherever there is any organized yachting. This is so, perhaps, because he has been sailing in two of the most popular of the smaller classes, the Q and the New York Yacht Club 30-foot Class, and by reason of the fact that for the past four years he has been a member of the Race Committee of the New York Yacht Club.

Mr. Davis is one of those who began his yachting career in middle life, but he has gone at it with the zest of any youngster. Starting in the S Class in 1910, his first boat of any prominence was the Class Q sloop, "Alice," which was built for him from designs by William Gardner in 1911. When this class was going strong on the Lower Bay of New York, and later on Long Island Sound, she was sailed hard by her owner. After the class broke up in New York waters, he sold her and bought the 30-footer, "Nepsi," which he renamed the "Alice," and which he still owns and races.

In 1921 Mr. Davis went on the Race Committee of the New York Yacht Club and has been there ever since. In 1923 he was made Chairman of the Committee and with the two other members, Clinton Mackenzie and Oliver Iselin, he has done some excellent and painstaking work. This year, when the fleet went all the way to Maine on its annual cruise, in waters in which it had not raced for fifteen years, the Regatta Committee worked out the many details of the port-to-port runs, including an ocean race of 160 miles and one of some 350 miles, in a manner that proved most satisfactory to all hands.

Mr. Davis is also a member of the Atlantic and the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Clubs. He was chairman of the Selection Committee chosen to pick this year's American Six-Meter international team.

Speed Records of the Past

Some of the Famous Runs in the Days of Wooden Ships and Iron Men

By C. McKay

HOW little is remembered of that stirring period when American clipper ships were lords of the seas is illustrated by the fact that hundreds of papers in the United States have published recently pictures of the Clyde-built clipper *Cutty Sark*, under the caption, "The swiftest sailing ship of all time."

Such an honor was never claimed for the *Cutty Sark* even by her biographer, Basil Lubbock, whose books dealing with the clipper ship era are ranked among the classics of the sea. In his book, "The Colonial Clippers," Lubbock points out that all the great speed records were made by Yankee clippers; that while the American-built clipper *Lightning* made a day's run of 436 nautical miles, the greatest day's run of the *Cutty Sark* was only 374 miles. Of the great single day's runs made by American-built clippers which he was able to verify, Lubbock gives the following list:

Date	Ship	Tons	Where Built	Nautical Miles
March 1, 1854....	*Lightning*	2,084	Boston	436
March 19, 1857...	*Lightning*	.....	Boston	430
March 18, 1853 ...	*Sovereign of the Seas*	2,421	Boston	424
Feb. 6, 1855.....	*James Baines*	2,515	Boston	423
Feb. 27, 1855.....	*Donald McKay*	2,598	Boston	421
June 18, 1856.....	*James Baines*	2,515	Boston	420
———	*Great Republic*	3,357	Boston	413
Feb. 27, 1854.....	*Red Jacket*	2,006	Rockland, Me.	413
Jan. 27, 1855.....	*James Baines*	2,515	Boston	407
July 6, 1854.....	*Red Jacket*	2,006	Rockland, Me.	400

A nautical mile is 6,080 feet.

The *Marco Polo*, 1,622 tons, built at St. John, New Brunswick, in 1851, the clipper in which "Bully" Forbes, the greatest of all the British clipper captains, made his name, was credited with a twenty-four-hour run of 428. Lubbock observes that while he was not able to verify this, he had learned enough about her performances to believe she was capable of such a run.

The American-built clippers were much larger and more powerful craft than the British tea and wool clippers. They could carry sail till the cows came home and made their great runs in gales of wind. The *Cutty Sark* and the *Thermopylæ*, the most famous of the British clippers, were each about 1,000 tons. The *Cutty Sark* was at her best in moderately heavy weather and the *Thermopylæ* in light winds. Both were probably faster in light winds than any of the big American clippers, except possibly the *James Baines*, the ship that, with main skysail set, logged 21 knots for a short time on June 17, 1856, according to the British captain who then commanded her. The British ships mentioned were both famous for always making fast passages and maintaining a high average speed.

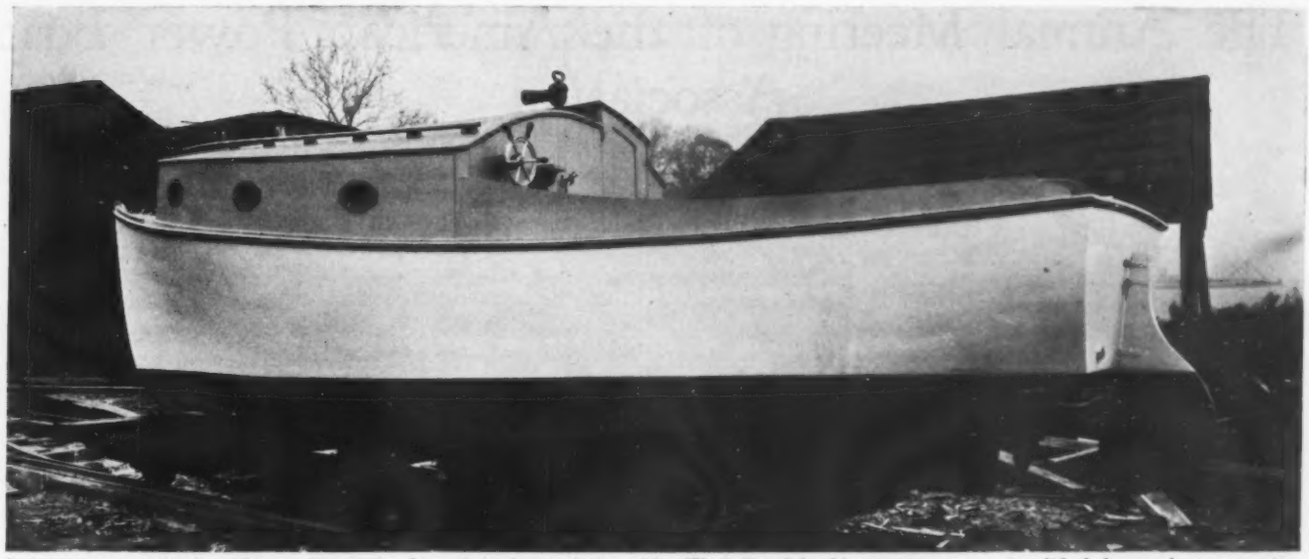
It is significant of the respective attitudes of Americans and Britons to past achievements that while the former allowed the *Glory of the Seas*, Donald McKay's last ship, to be broken up by junk dealers, the British are preserving the *Cutty Sark* as a memento of a great period in their sea history, and that her great rival, the *Thermopylæ*, went to her death with full naval honors. In her old age the famous green clipper, having been bought by the Portuguese Government from Robert Reford, of Montreal, was used as a naval schoolship, and when the Portuguese proposed to break her up, the British made such a noise about it that the Portuguese navy escorted her out to sea, and there she was sunk while the guns of the warships thundered a parting salute.

So the *Cutty Sark* lies in the Thames, the last survivor of the stirring days of the sailing ship, dreaming of brave voyages and far waters that crooned beneath her leaping figurehead in days of yore. It is curious that this ship should have been fated to perpetuate the memory of the old clippers, for she is a sort of descendant of an old French frigate of Napoleon's time. The French ship went ashore in India. A British company took her lines and built a vessel to the same model, fitting her with engines. After being employed on the Indian coast for some time, she was bought by "White Hat" Willis, of Liverpool, who took out her engines and converted her into a full-rigged ship. Under the name of *Tweed* she proved a remarkable sailer, and one of the officers who eventually walked her poop was Joseph Conrad, the great writer who died recently. When the *Thermopylæ* began her sensational career, Willis determined to build a ship to lower her colors and ordered a clipper built at Dumbarton, modelled on the lines of the *Tweed*, with some slight modifications. So, presently, the *Cutty Sark* slid into the Clyde and began the long and honorable service upon the seas that was to make her the pride and glory of the British merchant marine, and finally enable her to end her days as a cherished monument of the epic days of sail.

Americans, always forward-looking and with scant reverence for the past, have, in the absorbing work of building up a new civilization on a wide continent, forgotten their great achievements upon the sea in days gone by. Even on the Atlantic coast the clipper ship is but a memory. Yet for generations the people of the Atlantic States took more interest and pride in their mercantile marine than ever the British have done. Every port was sending out white-winged clippers to make new records upon the great ocean race courses; merchant princes made great wagers when famous flyers were matched for a voyage around the Horn, to China or Australia. Merchant venturers and sea captains were men of note and consequence. After the Treaty of Ghent, in 1814, they set themselves to the task of building up an American merchant marine and extending the commerce of the nation in competition with the British, with a determination and energy which overbore all obstacles. They gave themselves to sea enterprise in the bold spirit of the adventurers of the Elizabethan era. They spanned the Western Ocean with fleets of swift packet ships. They sent their ships into Eastern Seas—to the great annoyance of the Honorable John Company (the East India Company), which regarded them as interlopers. While the Blackwall frigates of the Honorable John Company took eighteen months to make a voyage from England to India and back, and two years to China and return, hard-driving Yankee skippers pushed their ships twice round the world.

By 1859 the Atlantic States had built up a merchant marine that in efficiency outranked the British merchant marine. Though in size it still lacked 600,000 tons of the British fleet, its units possessed a speed that gave it a greater earning power than its rival. American clippers were frequently able, owing to their superior speed, to obtain from British merchants twice the freight money

(*Continued on page* 92)



Pal on the ways for launching. She is the first of the boats designed by W. J. Deed for YACHTING on a simplified form of construction, to meet the need for a boat for a limited outlay.

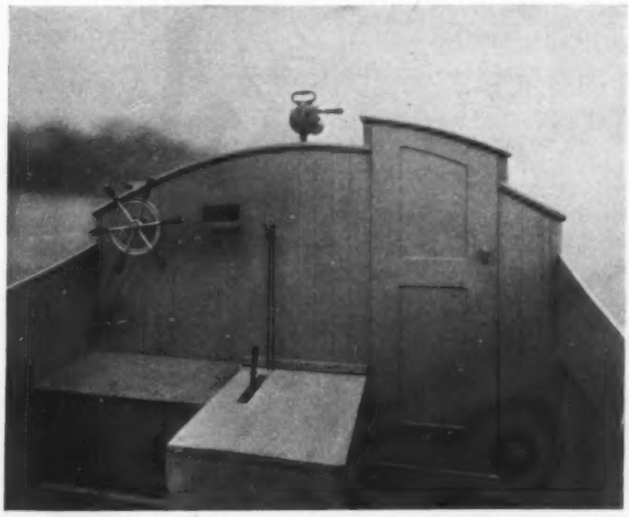
Pal Goes Overboard and Runs Successful Trials

WE journeyed up to Nyack, N. Y., a short time ago, to have a look at *Pal,* the 25-ft. Deed-designed cruiser which appeared originally in the July issue of YACHTING, and which Deed had just completed in his new shipyard for a New York yachtsman. After giving the boat a critical inspection in and out of the water, and under way, we are glad to be able to say that *Pal* proved every bit as good as we had hoped she would be—in fact, quite a lot better.

Pal is honestly and ruggedly built, and plainly though nicely finished. She has a fine cabin with four comfortable berths, toilet room, galley, lockers, etc. Her cockpit is huge for a boat of her size, with a seat across the stern and room for four or five chairs besides. Under way, her Cadyford motor pushed her along at a fine clip; about 9 miles. She handled beautifully and acted perfectly in the short, mean chop churned up by the Nyack-Tarrytown ferries.

Pal under way on her trial trip.

Her equipment was fine, including electric lights, portable ice chest, toilet, stove, sink, cushions, anchor and rode, electric running lights, etc. Altogether, we congratulate Deed for solving the problem of turning out a real cruiser, fully equipped, at a remarkably low price.



The cockpit is large and roomy, the Cadyford engine being at the forward end.

The cabin is comfortable, with lots of elbow room and with 5′ 10″ headroom.

The Annual Meeting of the American Power Boat Association

Eddie Edenburn, the Efficient Secretary.

Min Cornell, Express Cruiser Champion.

Horace Dodge endows a trophy.

"God bless you" Shantz.

Gar Wood.

THE annual meeting of the American Power Boat Association was held at the Hotel Commodore, New York City, on October 23rd, the following officers being re-elected for the coming year: President, Frederick R. Still; Secretary, W. D. Edenburn; Treasurer, Ira Hand; Measurer, Arthur J. Utz; Timer, Henry Sampson, Jr.; Surveyor, F. W. Horenberger.

The Horace E. Dodge Memorial Trophy, recently offered by Horace E. Dodge, as a perpetual challenge trophy in memory of his father, was officially accepted by the Association, and the dates for the first contest decided upon. The first races for the new trophy will be held at Miami, March 20 and 21 next year, and the second competition will be held in New York waters in conjunction with the Gold Cup contest, probably late in August or early in September. It was announced that besides giving the trophy, Mr. Dodge had "endowed" the race with a fund sufficient to finance all costs of holding it for all time. It is understood that the race fund is $25,000.

Some important changes were made in the rules governing the Gold Cup contests, the most important being the formation of a Contest Board, to be made up of contestants in the race to be decided, contestants who have taken part in the race for the two previous years, the Chairman of the Racing Commission for the past two years, and the members of the current Racing Commission.

This Contest Board will also function in other races held under the rules of the Association. As to the reasons for the creation of this Board, President Still, in his report says:

"According to our rules, it is a matter for the local committee which is conducting the races to accept or reject the entries. Usually such committees are extremely anxious to swell the entry lists all they can, so they are inclined to accept anything offered, knowing that if an entry is objected to it will be protested, in which event they can 'pass the buck' to the Racing Commission for final disposal. . . .

"What will be offered here today to avoid this situation is the following: A 'Contest Board' will meet not later than the day before the race is run. This Board will approve or disapprove of all entries received. No protest will be considered regarding

(*Continued on page 62*)

Fred R. Still, President A.P.B.A.

Caleb Bragg, who brought the Gold Cup to New York.

Harry Greening, Owner of Rainbow IV.

Charlie Chapman, Sec'y. Racing Comm.

Ira Hand, of the Motor Boat Shows.

The Herreshoff Shop at Bristol, in 1866. The yacht in the shop is the *Clytie*, nearly ready for launching. The four figures on the wharf are James B. Herreshoff, John B. Herreshoff, Dexter S. Stone, C. F. Herreshoff, Sr.

The Herreshoff Plant at Bristol

What the Famous Yard on the Shores of Narragansett Bay has Contributed to Yachting and the Development of Yacht Design and Construction During the Past Sixty Years

FOR nearly sixty years the name of Herreshoff has been so closely linked with the development of yachting in America that it is difficult to think of the sport in this country without also thinking of the famous boats that have come from the Bristol shops—boats that have made yachting history and have pointed the way to a better and faster fleet of pleasure craft. Both in design and building, the Herreshoffs have always been leaders in the field and for practically all of the period of its existence the two brothers, John B. and "Nat," have been the guiding genius of the shop which gradually grew up on the shores of Narragansett Bay until it has become one of the foremost yacht and engine building plants in the United States.

With the advent of the *Gloriana* and the *Wasp* in 1891 and 1892, the Herreshoffs revolutionized yacht design. In 1893 they turned out their first America's Cup defender, the *Vigilant,* and since that time they have designed and built every defender of this famous cup. The list is a long one containing besides the *Vigilant,* the names of *Defender, Columbia, Reliance* and *Resolute.*

An historical sketch of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company should begin naturally with an account of the early life of John Brown Herreshoff, the founder of the Company. Born at the old homestead of Point Pleasant, directly across the harbor from Bristol, R. I., in 1841, he showed at an early age an energy and indomitable will that is quite unusual. At the age of twelve he had constructed a rope walk and was making cotton rope for sale in sizes up to ½" diameter and 100 yards long. At thirteen he had fitted up a workshop and had put together a very good foot lathe, on which he did wood turning and some metal work. His eyesight had been defective from a child, and when fourteen, as the result of an accident, he became totally blind. But the will and energy were still there and after a month or two of despondency he took a new hold on life and went to work to finish a small sail boat he had been making for himself at the time he lost his sight, his father giving him some assistance.

About this time, 1855, the family moved from the farm across the harbor to Bristol, and settled in a place that gave opportunity to develop boat building and mechanical work. Very soon John B. had another rope walk, of considerable length, and did quite a business in making and selling cotton rope. When sixteen he had fitted up a room in a building adjoining his father's house as a machine shop and had four lathes, one of them being an engine lathe of excellent construction for those days. A larger room adjoining he fitted up for boat building and built several small craft, doing most of the work with his own hands. In 1859, desiring to own a larger boat than his little *Meteor,* he built, with the help of his father and a brother, the catboat *Sprite,* 20 feet long. This boat was a wonder and by far the fastest boat on Narragansett Bay. She is still in existence, now over 64 years old, and her sweet lines put many of the modern boats to shame.

The usual longing for a larger boat in which to do more cruising induced him to part with the *Sprite* in 1862, and the construction of a larger boat was started. This boat, *Kelpie,* was launched in the Spring of 1863. Both *Sprite* and *Kelpie* were modeled by John B. with the assistance of his father. *Kelpie* was 26 feet long, 10′ 4″ beam, sloop rigged, and was very fast. During the summer of 1863, returning from a cruise in Boston waters, acquaintance was made at Vineyard Haven of a well-to-do young man and his college friends, in a 33-foot sloop. This was

Thomas Clapham, known to all old-time yachtsmen, in his first *Qui Vive*. It was not long before a match was made between *Kelpie* and *Qui Vive*, and the latter was fairly beaten. The two boats cruised together as far as Newport, and Tom Clapham was so impressed that he gave John B. an order for a new yacht. This was the first commission and started the business at Bristol that later became the Herreshoff Manufacturing Co.

Upon arriving home from this cruise, John B. immediately took steps to start the business, hiring men, getting lumber and materials and arranging the "Old Tannery" to work in. This was quite an undertaking for a young man of only twenty-two and without sight. The second *Qui Vive* was launched early in 1864. The business was then so well established that no less than eight other sailing craft, ranging from 22 to 35 feet, were launched that year.

N. G. Herreshoff (at left) critically looking over one of his cup defenders, as she is being hauled out.

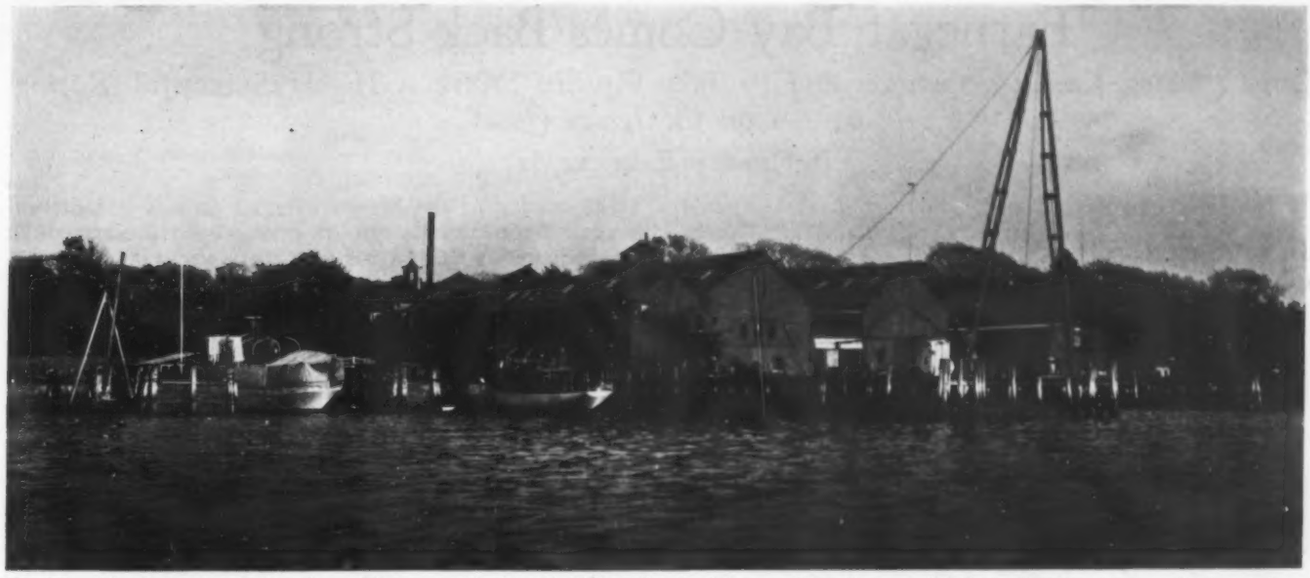
The business growing, the following year John B. took into partnership Dexter S. Stone, and the name was changed from John B. Herreshoff to Herreshoff and Stone. After two years Mr. Stone withdrew and the name was again changed to John B. Herreshoff. There was much difficulty in getting suitable lumber in those days and soon after starting John B., always liking to dabble in machinery, conceived the idea of having a sawmill and producing his own lumber. The abandoned buildings of the Burnside Rifle Company, about 100 yards back from the boat shops, were procured and a mill of considerable capacity was created, having a "gang saw," several circular saws, wood planers and other tools. There were also two or three yoke of oxen to draw logs, and suitable timber soon became a scarce article in Rhode Island. On the second floor of the old rifle factory a small boat shop was established in which hundreds of open boats were built, principally for export. To compete with outside prices these boats were built at a very low figure. This small boat work did not prove a success and almost ruined the business. However, John B. continued single handed, and built many yachts and boats, some of the notable ones being *Ariel* and *Violet*, 35-foot sloops (the latter is still alive and was winning prizes up to a few years ago, being now fifty-eight years old); *Sadie*, 50-foot sloop, and *Clytie*, a 35-foot sloop. Then there was *Ianthe*, a 50-foot schooner, *Orion*, *Shadow*, *Latona*, *Triton* and *Fanstine*, a 75-foot schooner built for George Peabody Russel and taken to England, making the passage to the Needles in 17 days.

An old photograph taken at that time, and reproduced here, shows the condition of the water side and boat shop in the autumn of 1866. The Old Tannery had been lengthened out over the water to give room for larger vessels, and the yacht whose stern is showing is the *Clytie*, nearly ready for launching to make room for building *Sadie*, their first schooner. Some of the old shipbuilders, of sterling quality, appear in the end of the shop. On the wharf, in the foreground, are James B. Herreshoff, the elder of the seven Herreshoff brothers, in the act of launching a small boat; Dexter S. Stone, John B. Herreshoff and his father, Charles F. Herreshoff, Sr.

In 1868 John B. built his first steamer, the yacht *Annie Morse*, for Samuel Shove, of Pawtucket, R. I. For this craft all the machinery was bought. In 1870 the *Seven Brothers* was built for the Church Brothers, of Tiverton, R. I. She was the pioneer fishing steamer on the Atlantic Coast. The steam launch, *Anemone*, was built, and the machinery for these two craft was designed and the drawings made by N. G. Herreshoff, working evenings while employed in the drafting room of the Corliss Steam Engine Company. John B. built the engines in his own shop. This marked the beginning of engine construction. The little *Anemone's* first run was to Vineyard Haven in company of the N. Y. Y. C. squadron. On this cruise, the America's Cup challenger *Cambria* took part in the racing. *Anemone* attracted much attention and was visited and looked over by many yachtsmen.

In the next two or three years the business turned entirely to steam craft and their machinery. In 1874 James B. Herreshoff contrived and successfully experimented with a tubular boiler. It was in the form of a beehive, the principal difference being that the coils were iron pipe instead of straw. This boiler was tried out in a specially constructed launch, 48 feet long and only 3½ feet wide. With a very small engine she ran quite fast—15 or 16 miles per hour. The following Spring the first Torpedo Boat for the U. S. Navy was built, and named *Lightning*. In the trial trip she covered 21 miles in an hour.

In 1877 Mr. Herreshoff was approached by a man from New York to construct a craft a little beyond the line of yachts of merchant vessels. She was to be a fast, and also a seagoing steamer. As the man had the cash for prepayments an agreement was signed, work was begun at once and inducements were offered for an early delivery. N. G. Herreshoff got leave of absence for two months and came to Bristol, first making the model, so that the hull could be started by Mr. Terry, of Fall River, and then, with the assistance of a draftsman, made a full set of drawings for a compound two-cylinder engine. The patterns for, and the engine itself, were built by the Rhode Island Locomotive Works, and the latter was completed in October. A much larger sized coil boiler than had yet been attempted was built in John B.'s own shop and all installations were made in Bristol. The vessel was ready for a trial by the first of November, and did make one free run. Just before a final trial was to be made, the U. S. Revenue Cutter *Dexter* arrived and anchored close in to the wharf where the new craft, the *Estelle*, lay. Her captain came with instructions to watch her and not let her leave the builders' dock. The *Dexter* laid for a few days with banked fires. Then her officers discovered that *Estelle* could be fired up from a cold boiler, the engine



The Herreshoff plant as it is today. These are the boat-building shops. The machine shops, sail loft, and offices are up the street from the water front.

started and the craft gotten under way in seven minutes, and out of sight before the *Dexter* could get a full head of steam. So the latter was compelled to keep her fires spread and steam up.

Through authorities in Washington arrangements finally were made to hold the trial trip the contract called for, so she could be turned over to her owners and paid for in full. This was done with officers and guards from the *Dexter* on board. The trial was successful, and of twelve hours' duration, in which a speed of 16 miles was maintained. The vessel was paid for and immediately was seized by the Government. It turned out *Estelle* was to go to Cuban insurgents. The whole affair created much excitement in the quaint old town.

The building of *Estelle* marked an epoch in the history of the Herreshoff Company. It also shows the wonderful executive ability of John B. Herreshoff in carrying it through in the surprisingly short time of six months.

Immediately following this event was an order for a Spanish gunboat, for use about Cuba, to have as much or more speed than *Estelle*. This craft was to be 135 feet long, the *Estelle* being 120 feet.

It was evident that Mr. Herreshoff needed more assistance in an increasing business that included so much engineering. So his brother, Nathaniel G. Herreshoff, left his situation with the Corliss Steam Engine Company in the early part of 1878 and joined him. This was hardly a new move for N. G., for he had been his brother's companion and "eyesight" since he was eight and John fifteen years old. Even for the *Sprite,* built in 1859-60, he did what drafting was necessary, and continued at that part of the work even through the days he was at Boston Tech and with Mr. Corliss, doing the drafting work for John B. in what would be ordinarily recreation hours. In making this change "Nat's" agreement with John B. was a very simple, verbal one—"That the character of work done should be the very best possible, charging a price that would compensate for the extra cost. That outstanding notes should be paid up soon as possible and no money hired, and improvements and enlargements made only when cash was in hand for it."

There was plenty of work to do and after a year or two this new compact appeared to be bearing fruit and the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company was getting out of the suds that had hampered it for many years. The work at this period was entirely on steam vessels, with the exception of an occasional sailing boat that N. G. would build for his own recreation and for experimenting. During his toils in steam engineering work he always liked to turn to sail for pleasure.

During the early eighties many important experiments were made on engines and boilers, and trials were conducted by a board of Naval engineers, and reports made of much value to the public. In 1879 an addition to the machine shop was made, which then occupied the entire floor of the old Burnside Rifle Factory. In 1880 a new boat construction shop was built, on the shore north of the Old Tannery, and this old building had twice been lengthened to the west, so that it would allow of building yachts of over 100 feet length. In 1881 a new building was put up for building boilers and tanks, etc. Up to 1883 all vessels over 100 feet long had to be built in the open, and the old wharf at the southerly side of the Old Tannery was, in 1878, fitted with launching ways and a board fence for a wind brake around it. Many craft were built here, including the *Clara, Orienta, Siesta, Gleam,* etc. Seeing the necessity of better facilities for constructing yachts, N. G. H. had already been working out plans for a model shop for the purpose, and in 1882 it was decided to go ahead with it, and the "Old Tannery" was torn down and a fine new building, 156x32 feet, was put up in its place. These buildings were subsequently lengthened and added to.

In the early nineties, still more room was required, and having several contracts with the U. S. Navy to build torpedo boats, a larger machine-shop room was needed. No adjoining land could be bought, and the work then going on in the machine shop could not be stopped. So a scheme was carried out, in which the new building was put up right over and around the old Burnside Rifle Factory building, resulting in only a short delay to the work.

In the Autumn of 1898, having a contract for another cup defender, and the sail-making branch being well established, it was decided to put up another building especially for a sail loft. About a year later a foundry was built and fitted for iron, brass and lead casting. The Company were then able to improve the quality of the castings and get them in shorter time. In 1902 another building was put up to be used for small yacht construction and also in

(*Continued on page* 61)

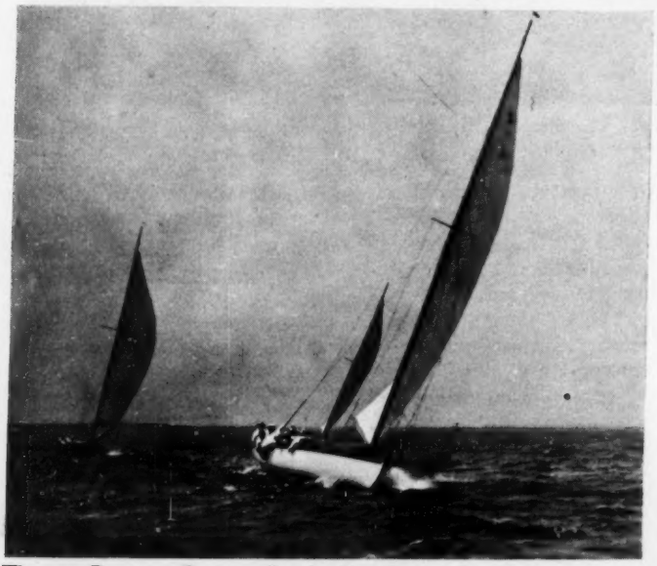
Barnegat Bay Comes Back Strong

Large Classes, Keen Competition and Friendly Rivalry Mark a Highly Successful Racing Season on the Jersey Coast

By Charles E. Lucke, Jr.

RACING on Barnegat Bay, the past season, enjoyed the biggest boom in years. Two additional yacht clubs, the Beachwood and Ocean Gate, were admitted to the Barnegat Bay Yacht Racing Association, bringing the total membership to eight clubs. More entries were received for the races, the season was the longest ever held, and a keen sporting rivalry, with few protests, prevailed.

For the series of weekly races, held in turn by the various clubs, from June 26th to September 6th, a total



The new Barnegat Bay cat, *Spy*, leading *Tamwock* and *Mary Ann* in the Sewell Cup Race.

of 644 entries was received. In addition to these events held under the B. B. Y. R. A., 348 starts were recorded in the individual club contests, making a total of 1,052 entries for the 1924 season on the Bay. This is by far the highest total in years on Barnegat.

A novel feature of the season was the inter-club cruise of all the Barnegat Bay racing and cruising enthusiasts to Beach Haven, on August 1st, 2d and 3d. Most royally entertained by the Little Egg Harbor Y. C. of Beach Haven, the North Jersey yachtsmen were amply repaid for the long run down from Barnegat Bay. The combined fleets of the up-Bay yacht clubs raced against the Beach Haven skippers over the Little Egg Harbor course and outsailed the home sailors. The following week the Seaside Park Y. C. was host to the Beach Haven sailors who came up with the Atlantic City yachtsmen to participate in the annual Sewell Cup regatta.

The coming of the Marconi-rigged catboat had driven the gaff-rigged yachts out of racing. To preserve this class, which has existed for fifty-three years on Barnegat Bay, a division was made in the catboat racing. Under the new rules in force during the past season, the Marconi cats race in Class A and the older type boats in Class B. The former class is limited to 20-30 feet racing length, while the B class is unlimited, over 20 feet racing length. Both types race on a time allowance basis, but the B class boats sail on a percentage handicap system, whereby an older and slower type boat has an equal chance in the racing with a newer craft.

Chief interest on the Bay centered in the Class A, or Marconi cats. The *Mary Ann*, twice champion of Barnegat Bay, once more captured the coveted title. However, she was given a close rub by the other boats in the class throughout the season and won the championship by a scant three points. In the twenty-first annual race for the Morgan Cup, the *Mary Ann* came in fourth, the celebrated trophy going to the *Bat*, sailed by Commodore Ed. Crabbe, of the Toms River Y. C. The next major race was that for the Rodman Wanamaker trophy, which was won by F. P. Larkin's *Tamwock*, of the Seaside Park Y. C., in one of the most thrilling races of the year. The twenty-fifth annual contest for the Sewell Cup, the

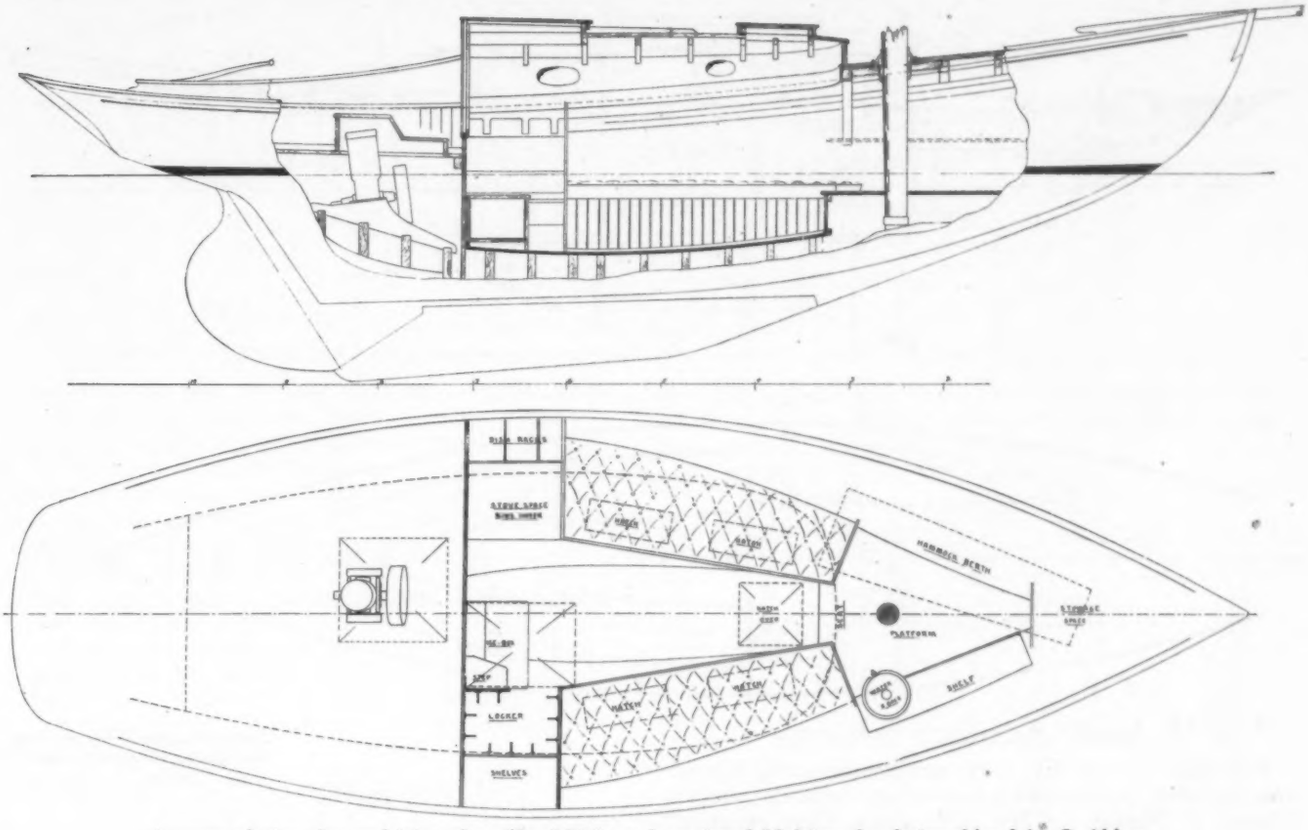
Part of the fleet of 15-foot sneakboxes arriving at Seaside Park for a race.

premier racing event of the season, saw the *Mary Ann* relinquish another of the honors previously held by her for two years. In this race Commodore Frank Thacher, of the Seaside Park Y. C., sailed his *Spy* to a well-earned victory. This boat, a consistent performer during the season, was the only new addition to the fleet. She was designed by Charles Mower and is practically a duplicate of *Mary Ann*.

It was only in the last races of the season that the *Mary Ann* regained anything like her championship form,

(*Continued on page* 84)

The 15-foot Class B one-design sneakboxes are very popular on Barnegat Bay.



Accommodation plan and inboard profile of 29-foot sloop rigged *Malabar, Jr.*, designed by John G. Alden.

Malabar, Jr., a 29-Foot Overall Auxiliary Sloop

TWENTY-FIVE years ago the experience of the fishermen off the coast of Maine had crystallized into a pretty definite type of able little boat, known to the present generation (from the birthplace of the best of them) as the Friendship sloop.

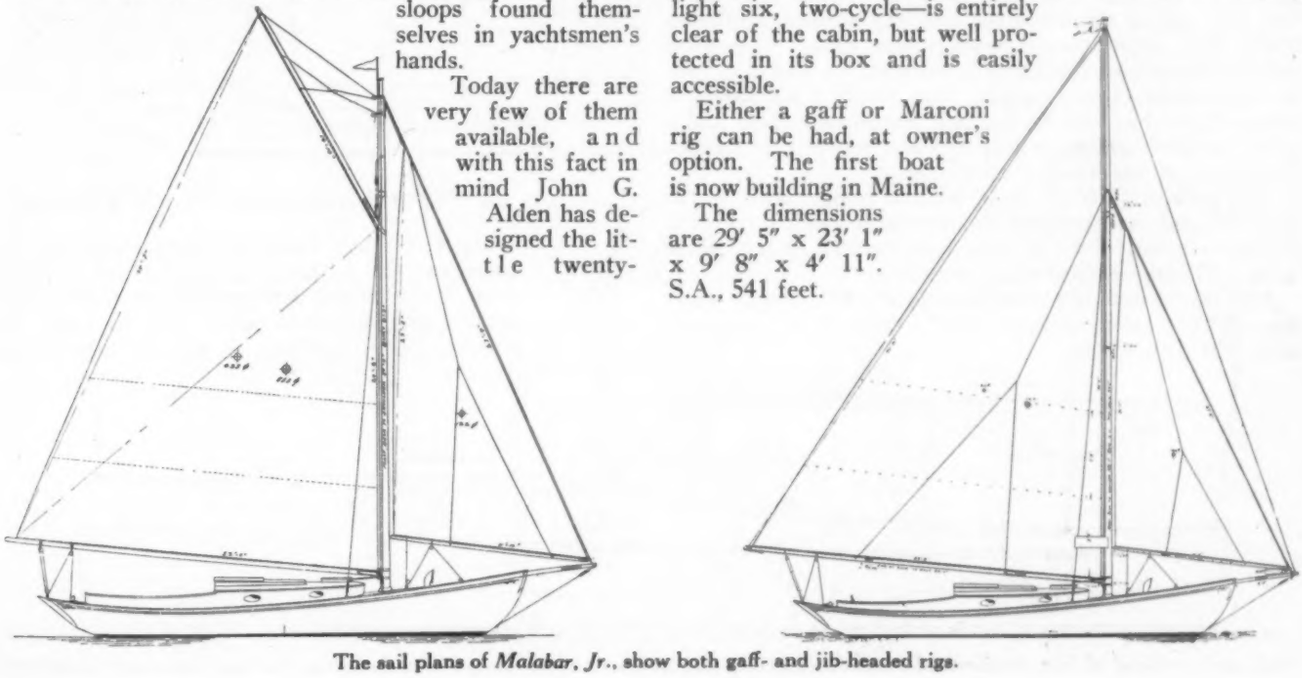
The gasoline motor has here, as elsewhere, almost driven sail from commercial pursuits and many Friendship sloops found themselves in yachtsmen's hands.

Today there are very few of them available, and with this fact in mind John G. Alden has designed the little twenty-nine footer shown in the accompanying plans. She retains all the best features of the Friendship sloop, but has been refined to better meet the requirements of the yachtsman.

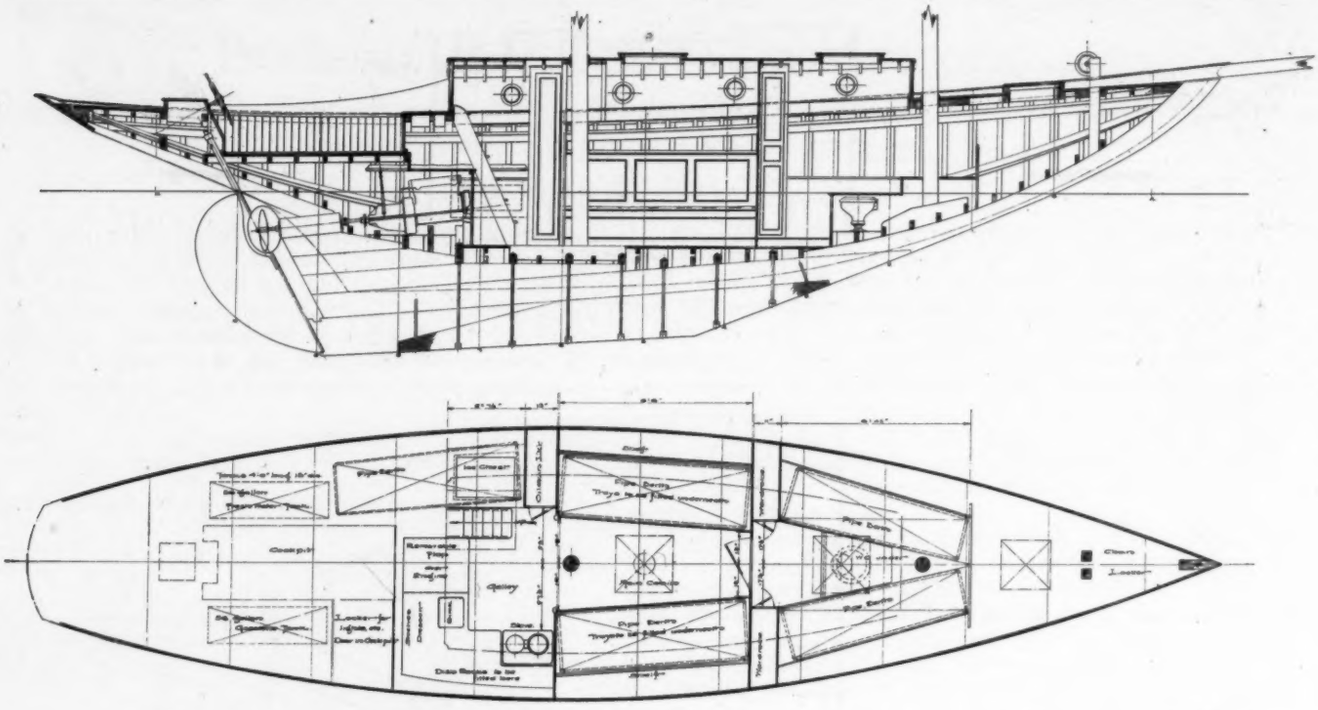
There is ample accommodation for a crew of two with a canvas berth forward for the occasional third, yet one man can handle her with ease. The motor—a Lathrop light six, two-cycle—is entirely clear of the cabin, but well protected in its box and is easily accessible.

Either a gaff or Marconi rig can be had, at owner's option. The first boat is now building in Maine.

The dimensions are 29′ 5″ x 23′ 1″ x 9′ 8″ x 4′ 11″. S.A., 541 feet.



The sail plans of *Malabar, Jr.*, show both gaff- and jib-headed rigs.



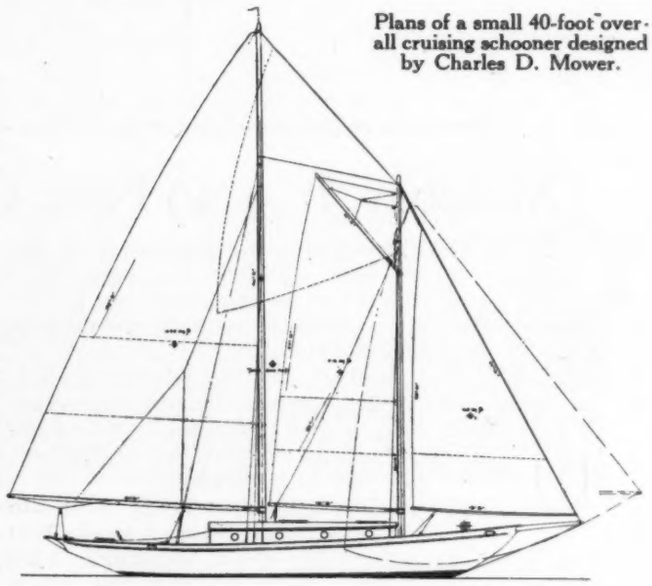
A Small Auxiliary Schooner

For those interested in small auxiliary cruising schooners, the plans herewith of a boat of this type designed by Charles D. Mower for Mr. C. L. Baker show an attractive and able little craft. The owner required a boat that would have comfortable cruising accommodations and one that could be handled by himself and wife under ordinary conditions, with room for another couple and a place for a paid hand if wanted. She is building at Eggemoggin, Maine, by James W. Black and will be out in the spring.

The arrangement plan shows the galley at the after end of the cabin, on the starboard side, with the ice box and an oilskin locker on the port side. The paid hand gets a pipe berth slung over the ice chest, which can be folded up out of the way when not in use. The main cabin is just forward of the mainmast and has transom berths on either side, with storage space under each. The sofas will be pipe-frame berths with cushions, so that they will be comfortable for sleeping. The owner's stateroom is forward and has two berths, two wardrobe lockers and a toilet installed under the seat forward between the berths. There is full headroom throughout.

The cockpit is 6′ 6″ long, with a bridge deck at the forward end, under which the engine is located. This is a four-cylinder Model Z Gray motor of 12-18 h.p., fitted with a Thompson feathering propeller.

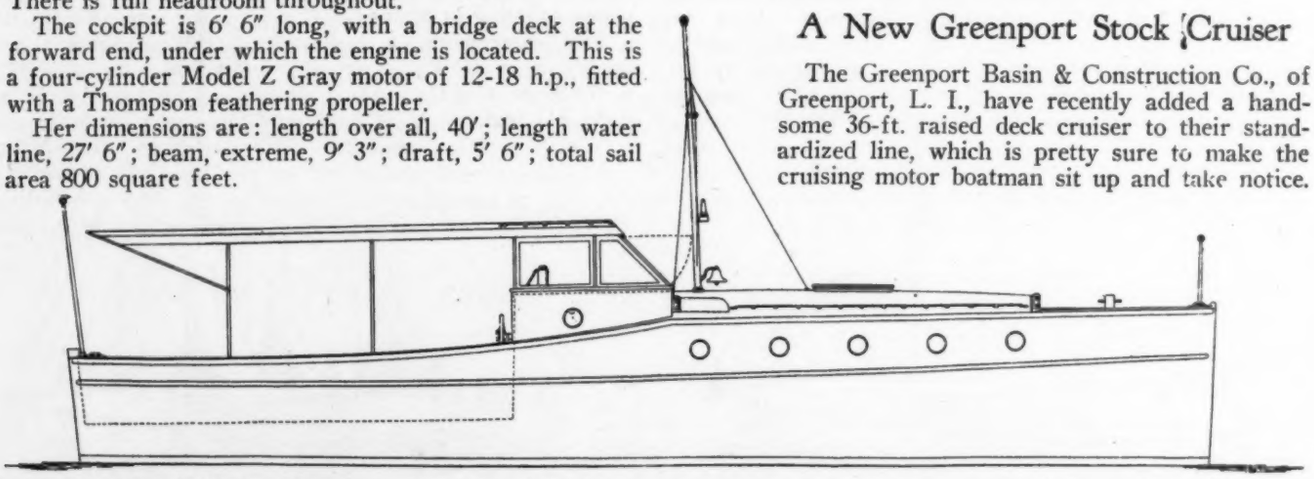
Her dimensions are: length over all, 40′; length water line, 27′ 6″; beam, extreme, 9′ 3″; draft, 5′ 6″; total sail area 800 square feet.



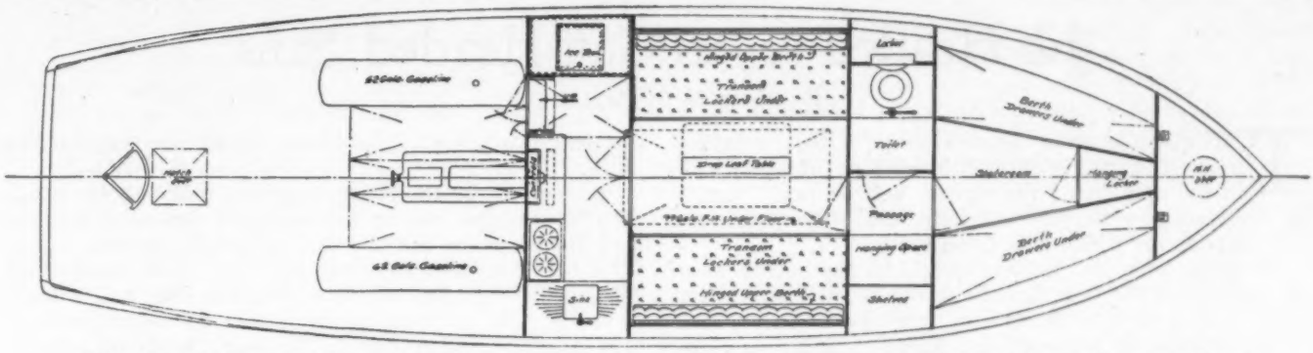
Plans of a small 40-foot overall cruising schooner designed by Charles D. Mower.

A New Greenport Stock Cruiser

The Greenport Basin & Construction Co., of Greenport, L. I., have recently added a handsome 36-ft. raised deck cruiser to their standardized line, which is pretty sure to make the cruising motor boatman sit up and take notice.



Outboard profile of 36-foot standardized cruiser designed by the Greenport Basin Construction Company that has many unusual features.



Cabin plan of Greenport 36-foot cabin cruiser shows a very well thought-out arrangement and gives an unusual amount of room.

On a length of 36 feet, this new craft has accommodation for six people in spring bottom berths, a galley to properly feed a full complement, access to main cabin and stateroom by a deck hatch over the passage between cabin and stateroom on occasion, a very ample cockpit with a one-level floor of 14 x 8 feet, and complete installation of all machinery under the cockpit floor.

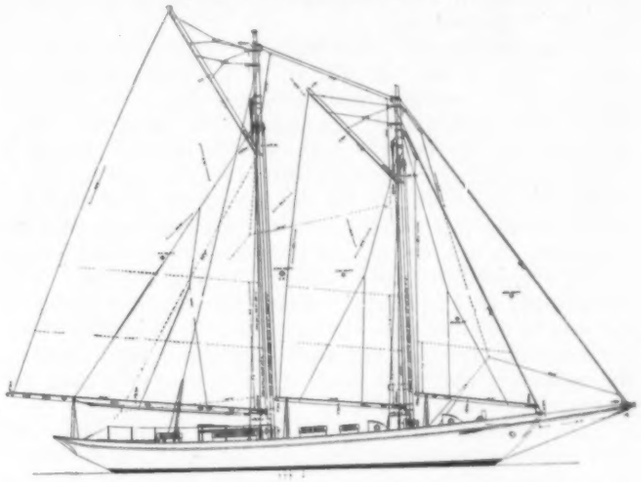
The motor, a 1925 4-cylinder Peerless, of 5″ bore and 7″ stroke, is quiet, reliable and economical, and will drive the boat a full ten miles an hour.

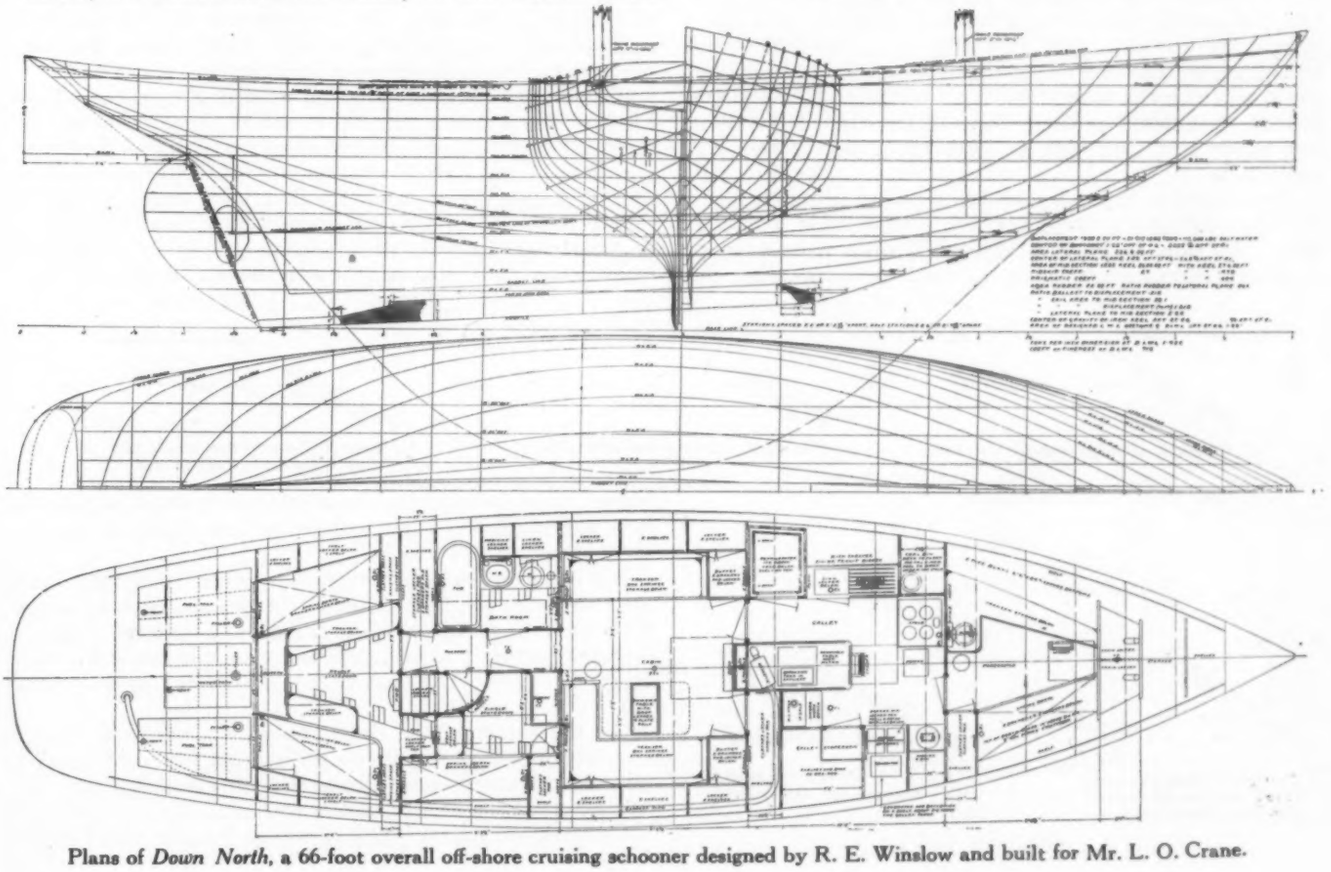
By means of standardization, this boat is so priced as to be available to the yachtsman of moderate means. It will be exhibited at the Motor Boat Show in January, alongside of the improved Utility Runabout equipped this year with the Scripps F-6 engine.

An Off-Shore Auxiliary Schooner

A notable addition to the growing fleet of "yachtified" fisherman-type auxiliary craft is the schooner *Down North,* recently completed by Obed A. Hamm from designs by Ralph E. Winslow, naval architect of Atlantic, Mass., for Mr. Lewis O. Crane, of the Boston Yacht Club. Mr. Crane does most of his cruising along the Newfoundland and Labrador Coasts, and *Down North* is the

(*Continued on page* 94)





Plans of *Down North,* a 66-foot overall off-shore cruising schooner designed by R. E. Winslow and built for Mr. L. O. Crane.

Jib-Headed *versus* Gaff-Headed Sails

By Fred W. Goeller, Jr.

THE question as to the superiority of the jib-headed mainsail over the old gaff-headed sail is one which, in the opinion of the writer, will be based largely in accordance with one's training and experience and the purpose for which it is to be used.

To begin with, the problem should be approached from all angles, and the first thought would be, primarily, what type of boat is it to be used on, cruising or racing? It is the opinion of some of our keenest racing men and profoundest students of the game that for average cruising, in small boats, the gaff-headed sail is best. Their reasoning, and it is basically sound, is that, in spite of additional halliards to be handled, this rig has none of the bad faults of, and for all-around sailing is less trouble than, a jib-headed sail.

In championing the latter rig, the remark is often heard that to lower it one has only to let the single halliard go and the whole works come down on deck. In spite of this theoretical simplicity, the slides on the mast frequently *do* stick and it requires considerable hauling to get it down, and one of its worst faults, from a cruising man's standpoint, is its affinity for the spreaders. But start the sheet and the sail fondly lays up against them and, as frequently as not, catches on their ends, and considerable care is required to free it without tearing the sail. This is especially true in a hard breeze, off the wind. Further, the sail, in rubbing against the spreaders, gradually works the lee backstays outward until they slip over the end of the spreader, and then it is often the devil's own job getting them clear again.

Your cruising man does not want to be bothered with such annoying incidents, especially as he is usually short-handed; nor is he generally prepared to replace a mast that has carried away with a new one that has been made beforehand for just such an emergency. The latter may, of course, be avoided by making the rigging heavier, but the recent records show that since the advent of the jib-header innumerable masts have been carried away in one season and that such an occurrence before this was quite rare.

Furthermore, there is the question of durability—of the sail holding its shape for any considerable length of time. All sails made of a high-grade duck flatten out to a certain extent after being exposed to the weather for any length of time. This is due to the shrinkage of the cloth.

It seems to be the general opinion that because a sail may be stretched out on the head and foot until it is too long for the spars, that the sail has actually become larger. This is not actually the case, for if one will watch a sail that, at the beginning of the season, has a big roach in the leech, he will find that at the latter end a great part of this roach has disappeared. It hasn't worn off, surely. The whole sail, generally, has shrunk, the greatest shrinkage coming in the middle, after part, between the ends of the boom and gaff. Roughly, I should say that a new sail with an area of about 1,000 square feet will shrink up, in the course of its first season, approximately between 25 and 50 square feet.

Another reason why the gaff-headed sail holds its draft longer than the jib-headed sail is that, with the former, it is now the general custom to use a wire luff-rope and whatever roach is put in the luff of the sail, originally, cannot be pulled out much through the stretching of the wire caused by sweating up on the throat halliard.

On the other hand, with the jib-headed sail, as the point of suspension is at one place, the extreme apex of the sail, it has been found that a wire luff-rope is bad, because, not stretching to any appreciable extent when the main halliard is sweated up on the winches now in use, a distortion is caused by the leech, not so bound, giving. Thus, a hemp luff-rope is now generally used, and this *does* stretch, and it is only a short time before a considerable part of the roach is pulled out and the sail flattens accordingly.

For racing, however, actual experience has proven that the jib-headed sail is, on the whole, faster, and as comfort, ease of handling and expense are not of primary importance, compared with winning races, its use for this purpose seems destined to be more or less permanent.

This brings us to the question of why it is faster. It is hard, in the writer's opinion, to see the real value of the scientific wind-tunnel experiments which have been referred to by my learned contemporaries in previous issues of Yachting. Not being familiar with these, by choice rather than necessity, our impression is that they have been carried out with various sections similar to an airplane wing. As this form has a known, rigid and constant section, it is hardly comparable with a sail, no matter how well made the latter may be or how tightly it may be sheeted home.

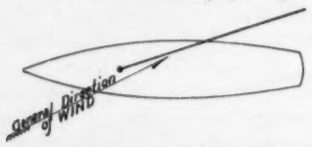


Figure 1. Showing perfectly flat sail

Figure 2. Showing sail with DRAFT

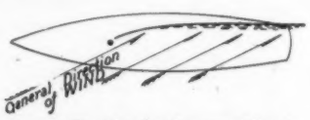


Figure 3. Showing how wind builds up film of air on weather side.

Figure 4. Shows how wind travels in a general diagonal direction across sail

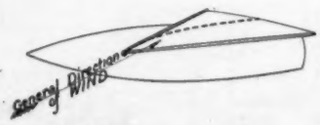


Figure 5. Shows how angle of gaff varies with that of boom.

No boat, on the wind, ever sails perfectly upright, and thus we have the first difference from an airplane wing. The wind on a sail, inclined, travels in a general diagonal direction across the sail, depending on the angle of heel, from the lower, forward edge towards the upper, after part.

As the shape of the draft, roughly a parabola, varies constantly with the width of the sail for its entire length, and as, no matter how clever the workmanship may be, no two sails are exactly alike, we will have to deal with the general principles involved rather than the exact shape

of the cross section, which is of such paramount importance in airplane construction. Furthermore, a boat pitches and rolls more or less constantly, and here we have one of the first real causes why the jib-headed sail is superior to the gaff-header.

A gaff, no matter how much the boom is flattened in, will swing out and then in towards the centre of the boat with each pitch and roll. This naturally spills the wind, to a more or less extent, and instead of having a steady pressure to drive the boat, we have a series of increased and decreased pressures which cannot exert the same constant drive that comes with a jib-headed sail, where, being suspended from one point, the whole sail comes and goes and its cross section remains more nearly constant.

To more thoroughly understand the problem, let us go back to first principles and see what the experience and wisdom of past generations has taught us about sails.

To begin with, let us consider the gaff-headed sail. This, to be at all effective, must have a certain amount of draft, and one should thoroughly understand the necessity and effect of it before he can grasp any further development.

A sail is given draft not only to create a slightly forward thrust along its leading edge, but also to change the direction of the wind and maintain a pressure which, coupled with the sidewise resistance of the hull and its appendages, keel or centerboard, causes the boat to move ahead. Also, as its after section follows the general direction of the wake of the boat, this form offers the minimum amount of resistance, on the leeward side, to the forward progress of the boat.

In this connection the draft must carry out in a fair curve to the leech so that the wind freely escapes *off* the sail. It is my opinion that this escape of the wind plays its part, no less important than the draft along the luff, in causing a driving force—the resultant of the angle of the wind pressure on the sail with the resisting pressure of the keel or centerboard and the general form of the forward and after sections of the boat. The wind *must* flow freely off the sail or else it will be held, as in a bag, and retard the progress of the boat rather than drive it ahead. Figures 1 and 2 show a perfectly flat sail and one with what is approximately the proper shape for the draft.

In the first case it will be seen readily that if the wind strikes this at an angle, no matter how slight, it is merely deflected without causing other than a slight pressure, and the leeward side offers considerable resistance to the forward progress of the boat. In Figure 2, the wind, striking along the luff first and then flowing aft in a fair curve, results in a general pressure whose direction is forward of abeam of the boat (bisect the angle caused by the direction of the wind with the forward edge of the sail where the wind first strikes it). The leeward side thus offers a minimum amount of forward resistance and a more or less constant pressure is against the sail.

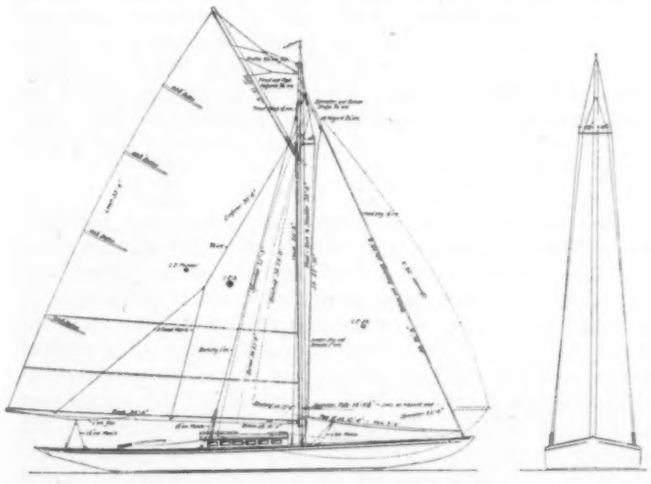
There can be little doubt that, as the boat is moving forward, a certain film of air builds up on the weather side from the moment the wind strikes the luff until it flicks off the leech. This does not remain on the sail and move forward with it, but it flows off at a slightly slower rate than the surrounding air is moving. See Figure 3.

If the foregoing be accepted as true, it will be seen at once that, beyond a certain width, the surplus is useless, and if the length of this section could be reduced to half we would still have the maximum amount of drive, *depending on the length of the luff*. To this must be added a certain amount for the gaff, depending on the angle at which it is peaked up, as the draft is carried along this angle to give a clear flow for the entire length of the leech.

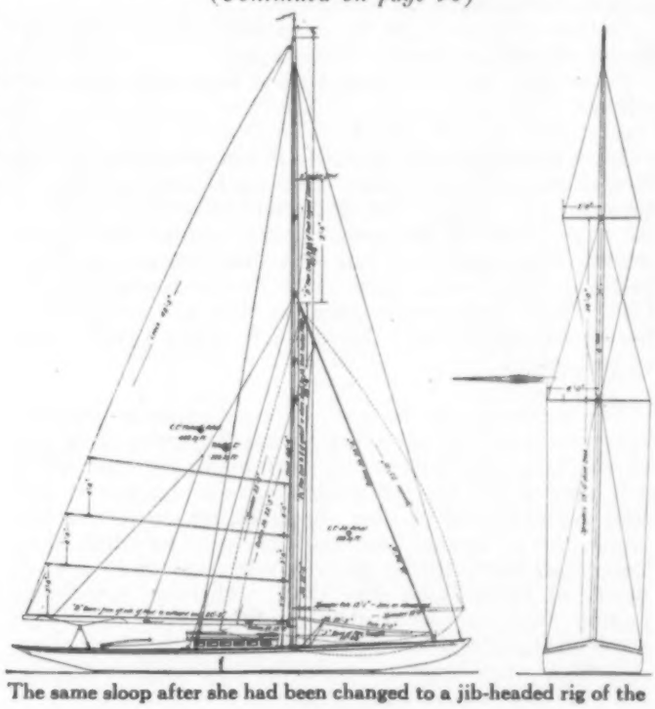
As mentioned before, a boat never sails entirely upright, and, assuming the wind traveling along parallel with the surface of the water, the wind does not travel straight across the sail, but in a general diagonal direction, as shown in Figure 4. Furthermore, it is impossible to hold the gaff in parallel with the boom, thus maintaining a constant cross section, and we have a condition as shown in Figure 5.

When we first learned to sail we were taught that the boat should be headed so that the fly on the masthead and the gaff be kept in line, to get the most effective drive. This is shown in Figure 5, and it will be seen that as the wind flows freely off the upper part of the sail, near the gaff, and considerable pressure is exerted at the after, lower part, near the boom, the greatest drive is, generally, through the middle part of the sail. But the gaff-headed sail has to be made wider than is absolutely essential for the most effective drive in order to get sufficient purchase on the boom to hold the gaff in to any reasonable angle. Therefore, on a low, wide sail this effective drive is over a comparatively small area.

(*Continued on page* 90)



Class R Sloop *Tiger* with gaff-headed rig.



The same sloop after she had been changed to a jib-headed rig of the same area.

In the Lee of the Longboat

by Cap Stan

CHAP signing off as J. M. R. wants to know why I don't heave some bull about the Star Class instead of devoting so much space to "Q" boats, "R" boats, 6-meter boats, and so on. Holy Mackerel! As if the Star Class news didn't occupy a bunch of cargo space aboard the good ship YACHTING nearly every trip the old hooker makes! However, just to satisfy J. M. R., I'll say that if I owned a Star, the first thing I'd do would be to sell it, or maybe give it away to my young nephew. I'm entirely too old and rheumatic to enjoy parking on a wet deck, with my feet dangling in a narrow well, all tangled up in a mess of jib sheets, halliards, runners, etc., while an army of wave crests launches successful attacks against my quivering frame. Nevertheless, I'm for the Stars so long as I don't have to sail in 'em. They're able, fast, handy little racing machines, and are the means of providing keen sport and competition for hundreds of people. They deserve their popularity, and I hope the growing horde keeps on increasing.

So there you are, J. M. R. You asked for it—now you have it—hope you like it. Come again!

P.S.—Why wouldn't *Soak-M-E-Z* be a good name for a Star?

* * * * * * *

Some time ago, after *Malabar V* had cleaned up in the New Bedford-Block Island Race on Decoration Day, I hazarded the opinion that she would stow away quite a bit more silver in her trophy locker before the season closed. Since then, she has won three straight at New Bedford Race Week, three more on the Eastern Yacht Club cruise, and spread-eagled the fleet at Lloyd's Harbor on Columbus Day. Eight starts—eight firsts! Not so bad, what?

* * * * * * *

The writing is on the wall. Sooner or later—possibly next year—the Bayside-Block Island Auxiliary Race will be won by a small boat with a small motor—a craft which will cover practically the whole course under power, and then get a big wad of time allowance, which will put her larger sisters in the "also ran" class. The little 26-ft. sloop *Opal* nearly turned the trick this year—and there are plenty of faster boats than *Opal,* with more economical motors. Of course, weather conditions may upset this dope, but figuring it out on the basis of the last four races, and the average breezes around the first week in August, the little fellows can chug contentedly around the course at 5 knots or so, while the larger craft flop aimlessly around in a tempestuous calm. And if this happens, they'll have to change the rule, or the race will degenerate into a powerboat procession. Yes, it may happen next year. In fact, if John Alden will lend me one of his new 29-ft. *Malabar, Jr.'s,* equipped with any good, small 4-cycle motor, I'll be willing to wager a cork anchor against a celluloid stove that it *will* happen next year!

* * * * * * *

Had a letter from Weston Martyr the other day. "Wes" is over on the other side, shooting left jabs and right hooks into the British yachtsmen for not going in for ocean racing. And why not? The Britons are great chaps for cruising, and sail in a great variety of craft, all of which have a fine reputation for seagoing ability. Then why not get 'em out and see how the different types stack up in the matter of speed? Strikes me that "Wes" is dead right. And if they organize an ocean race, it is easily possible that some nautical nut on this side of the pond would sail across and have a go at the Limeys. Think not? All right, just let the Britons start something, and it wouldn't surprise me in the least to see two or three of our hookers make the jaunt. Keep your weather eye open and see what happens.

* * * * * * *

Those three Archer-Atkin double enders, *Faith, Hope* and *Charity,* which Billy Atkin told us about in the last number, will be interesting additions to our fleet of small cruisers. Fine looking craft, sturdy, able and comfortable, and a whole lot different from our usual conception of a cruiser. With their generous beam, heavy displacement, and small sail area, they look as though they'd be a bit slow for our average cruising conditions. But what a whale of a boat for a hike across the pond and a try-out in Martyr's ocean race!

* * * * * * *

Alain Gerbault is a-roaming again, bound first for Bermuda and any other places which his fancy may dictate. I looked over *Firecrest* a few days before she sailed, and she certainly looked great in her new, nicely proportioned jib-headed rig. But there are two doubtful features about it, as I see it—that hollow topmast, fitted into a steel sleeve atop the solid mainmast, and the extra compression strain caused by the jackstay upon which the upper part of the sail hoists. When the big strain comes, and the rigging settles and stretches, that topmast will surely buckle. And that will set up a fearful breaking strain where the hollow topmast fits into the rigid steel sleeve.

The Central Park Model Yacht Club Wins Historic Eagle Cup

By Walter R. Many

THE race for the Brooklyn Daily Eagle Cup for model yachts was sailed on Flushing Bay, Flushing, L. I., September 14th. This cup, which has been in competition for many years between the model yacht clubs around New York, was recently placed under the auspices of the Model Yacht Racing Association of America, and all recognized model yacht clubs in the United States and Canada were invited to send teams to sail for it.

The clubs coming to the starting line were the Boston Model Y. C., which entered the *Flirt,* John Black, Jr.; the *Vamp,* James A. Potter, and the *Frolic,* Charles C. Gager. The Central Park Model Y. C. entered the *Black Ball,* B. Anderson; the *Fantasy,* J. A. Weaver, and the *Mary,* Phil Pile. The oldest club and the holder of the cup, the Prospect Park Model Y. C., entered the famous *Polka Dot,* E. A. Bull; the *Rainbow,* J. B. Ketcham, and the *Dauntless,* F. H. Tucker.. These were the same yachts that won the cup in 1923.

Mr. Howard Griffith, vice-president of the association, placed his power cruiser, *Sea Rover,* at the disposal of the race committee. She logged the course and set the marks. The first of the three heats was one-half mile to windward and return and was sailed in the forenoon. A heavy northwest wind was blowing, and even with the flood tide it kicked up a choppy sea. Altogether the day was not an ideal one for model yacht racing.

First Heat

At 11.15 A.M. the yachts were started to windward. It was difficult sailing in the heavy wind and sea, but excellent seamanship was shown by the skippers, some of whom were handicapped with rowboats that were too heavy for handling models. It was a great sight to watch the yachts take the seas and hammer to windward through them.

Running home was even more difficult work, for the seas bothered the yachts to some extent. At times they lifted their rudders clear and were traveling at high speed. The first yacht to cross the finish line was *Fantasy.* The *Dauntless* completed the course, but was outside of the line at the finish and was disqualified. There was no time allowance, as all the yachts rated in Class B. The times follow:

Yacht	Elapsed Time	Points
Fantasy	0-24-11	9
Black Ball	0-24-58	8
Polka Dot	0-25-28	7
Mary	0-25-50	6
Flirt	0-26-58	5
Rainbow	0-27-34	4
Frolic	0-42-20	3
Vamp	Did not finish.	
Dauntless	Disqualified.	

Course—One mile, windward and leeward.

Central Park Model Y. C., 23 points; Prospect Park Model Y. C., 11 points; Boston Model Y. C., 8 points.

Second Heat

At 2 P.M. the committee boat started out, this time to lay a triangular course of one-third of a mile to a leg. At 2.20 the yachts were started on the windward leg. The first boat to turn the first mark was *Black Ball,* which also was ahead at the second mark and led the fleet home. The race was a hard one to sail, the wind being heavier, but the sea a trifle smoother than in the morning and all yachts crossed the finish line. The times follow:

Yacht	Elapsed Time	Points
Black Ball	0-22-38	9
Polka Dot	0-23-00	8
Fantasy	0-23-30	7
Dauntless	0-25-55	6
Flirt	0-26-21	5
Rainbow	0-26-41	4
Mary	0-27-13	3
Frolic	0-30-16	2
Vamp	0-47-35	1

Course—Triangular, one mile.

Central Park Model Y. C., 19 points; Prospect Park Model Y. C., 18 points; Boston Model Y. C., 8 points.

Sailing model yachts in this year's race for the Brooklyn Eagle Cup.

Third Heat

After the committee had shifted the windward mark to make a windward and return course, the yachts were started at 4 P.M. This heat was of even more interest, as the wind, which the salts predicted would pipe down, blew harder, and, with an ebb tide, a heavier sea was running. First over the line was the *Black Ball,* and she led at the outer mark.

Handling the models was hard work, and while nearing the outer mark, *Polka Dot* and *Fantasy,* which had been fighting it out, tack for tack, came together, *Fantasy* having the right of way. She lost her mast as a result, and *Polka Dot* withdrew.

Meanwhile *Black Ball* revelled in the hard wind and seas, and romped along, a sure winner. She crossed the finish line at 4-24-56, going fast and true. The times follow:

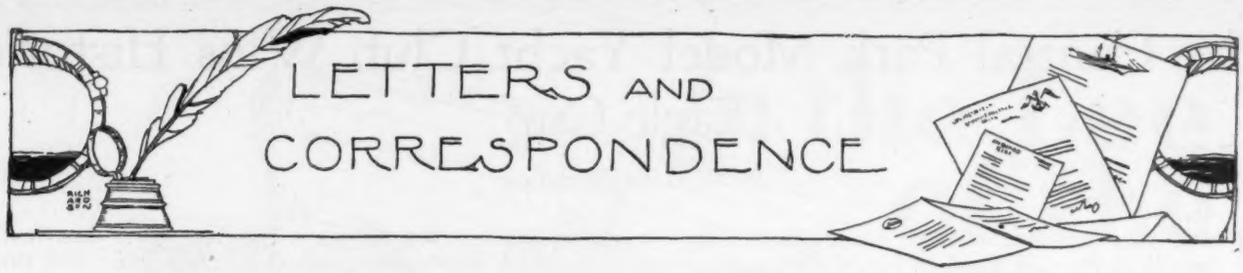
Yacht	Elapsed Time	Points
Black Ball	0-18-54	9
Mary	0-19-42	8
Flirt	0-20-19	7
Rainbow	0-22-05	6
Dauntless	0-24-27	5
Frolic	0-28-26	4
Potter	0-29-36	3
Polka Dot	Withdrew.	
Fantasy	Disabled.	

Course—One mile, windward and return.

Central Park Model Y. C., 17 points; Boston Model Y. C., 14 points; Prospect Park Model Y. C., 11 points.

Total Points

Central Park Model Y. C.	59 points
Prospect Park Model Y. C.	40 points
Boston Model Y. C.	30 points

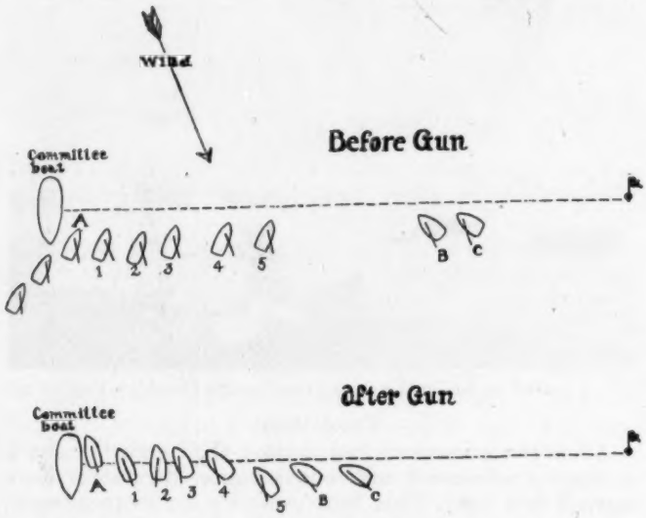


Who's in the Right?

Editor YACHTING:

I am taking the liberty of referring to you a question as to the interpretation of the Long Island Sound Racing Rules, in connection with a problem which arose in a race of small one-design boats at Fishers Island this summer.

I am enclosing two diagrams herewith, showing the position of the boats and the wind. As will be seen from the diagram, there was a very decided advantage from the point of laying the course to the first mark for boats crossing the line on port tack, as they were able



to cross almost at right angles; whereas, boats with the starboard tack would be barely able to cross the starting line.

My boat, marked on the chart "A," was almost exactly on the gun fire on the port tack and was the inside boat three or four feet away from the committee boat, which was the mark at that end of the line. There were two boats slightly to windward and astern of me, without an overlap, on the port tack, and there were four or five boats below me on the port tack, all fairly close together; so close, in fact, that their sails obscured my vision of the other end of the starting line. At the time of start, two boats came along the line from the other mark, close hauled on the starboard tack, called for right of way and the boats nearest them on the port tack began coming about to give them room. They were so close together that this involved touching the boats that had previously been to windward of them and when they came along to me would have involved my ramming the stern of the committee boat, had I come about.

We have had considerable discussion as to whether I could have been forced about so as to involve risk of fouling the mark or of colliding with the committee boat, as in this instance.—THOMAS W. RUSSELL.

Hartford, Conn.

Assuming that the positions of the boats on your sketch are correct, then the two boats, B and C on the starboard tack undoubtedly have the right of way and can force all of the boats on the port tack, *in turn*, to give way. As far as you are concerned, however, it seems to me that you could not be disqualified under this situation or forced into the committee boat, unless it were an actual question of right of way between A (your boat) and the boats B and C. In other words, B and C first forced Number 5; if Number 5 has not room to come about without touching Number 4, then Number 5 is the one at fault. The same thing would apply as between Number 4 and Number 3.

It seems apparent from this diagram that B and C on the starboard tack could not themselves have bothered you and forced you about, and Number 1, which is the next boat to you, would have no right to force you unless she had room to fill away and establish her rights on the starboard tack without fouling you, which it appears she cannot do. Therefore, if you were in a position where B and C on the starboard tack *could not themselves* force you, the intervening boats, numbers 5 to 1, in turn, are the ones that are at fault and have sailed themselves into an untenable position.

The interpretation of the racing rules by most committees is that two yachts only can be considered in a protest. There may be a question between B and Number 5, in which you cannot be involved, or between B and A, in which the other boats cannot be involved. The action of B on 5 has no bearing on you, A. We think this answers your question. If Number 1 was forced about by any other boat and had room to fill away and establish her rights on the starboard tack against you, then you would have had to give way, otherwise not.

Suggestion for Plugging Some Holes in Universal Rule

Editor YACHTING:

I have been reading with much pleasure various articles in your valued magazine relative to the American Yacht Racing Rules, especially the one by Mr. C. D. Mower, N.A., in which he comments upon the sound, able type of yacht evolved by the present rules.

In the September, 1924, issue of YACHTING, Cap Stan calls our attention to an attempt, in some of this year's yachts, to "shoot holes" in the rules, creating a long, narrow craft with small freeboard. This, it seems to me, is not in the spirit of the rules and should be averted if possible; at the same time we should be thankful to those showing us the weakness inherent in the rules and take steps to strengthen them where required.

I think I have a plug for above holes, viz.: "The extreme draft shall not exceed the product of the racing load water line breadth multiplied by the constant 0.6."—

THE LOITERER.

Brookline, Mass.

Without going into the matter deeply, it seems as if, on the face of it, the above constant, 0.6, were too small. Otherwise, the suggestion may not be without merit.

At the End of a Perfect Cruise

BOCA GRANDE

awaits you!

A quaint old-fashioned village in a beautiful semi-tropical setting. Delightful surroundings; Famous Gasparilla Inn; Variety of interests; Golf course; fishing, tarpon, trout and all the others. A sportsman's paradise.

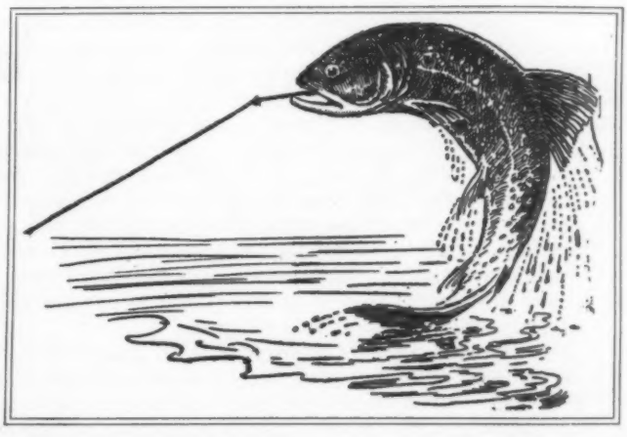
YACHT SERVICE AT BOCA GRANDE

Inner harbor, sheltered anchorage now dredging to 9 feet; fuel, water, laundry, ship supplies, commissary; also pier accommodating vessels up to 27 foot draft.

PULLMAN SERVICE TO NEW YORK WITHOUT CHANGE

Through Pullman cars via Seaboard Railway direct from Pennsylvania Station, New York City, on to the island and station at Boca Grande.

Include Boca Grande in Your Cruise



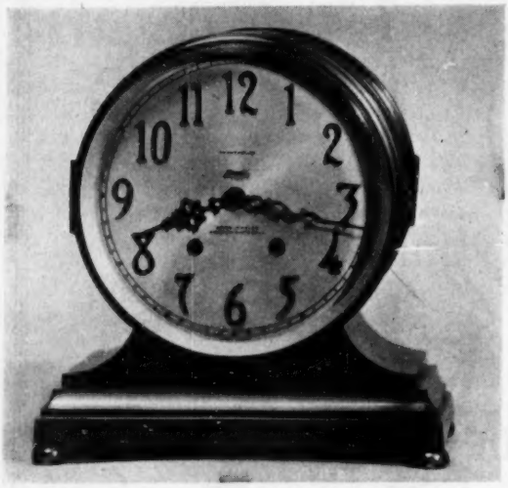
BOCA GRANDE CORPORATION

BOCA GRANDE
FLORIDA

Give Him Something Nautical for Christmas

WHEN Christmas rolls around, and you are racking your brains for appropriate presents for friends and relatives, perhaps a few suggestions along nautical lines will help to solve the ever-recurring riddle. Every sailor will appreciate a gift if it carries a tang of salt air with it, and every boat-owner will be pleased to receive some article which will be useful as well as ornamental.

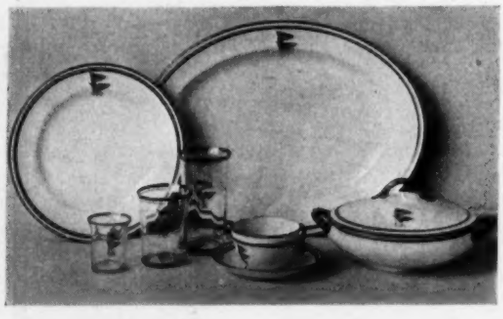
Your true sailor gradually accumulates a nautical library. Why not give him a couple of good books? There is a large list to select from, and whether he is interested in fiction, verse, navigation, cruise stories, or books of instruction, you can easily find plenty to fill the bill. Some good ones that may be mentioned are: *The Complete Yachtsman*, by Duboulay-Smith; *Ships and Ways of Other Days*, Chatterton; *Salt-Water Ballads*, Masefield; or the *Cruise of the Amaryllis*.



A handsome ship's clock, strikinghours and half-hours by bells, makes an appropriate gift.

Many people collect photographs, prints and paintings of yachts, clipper ships, Spanish galleons, etc. Any one of these should make a gift thoroughly appreciated by the man interested in that phase of the nautical game. Kennedy & Co., 693 Fifth Avenue, have a fine collection now on exhibition.

Binoculars and night glasses are always useful to have around on any kind or size craft. A ship's clock is useful as well as handsome and ornamental, either at home or aboard ship. Or a good patent log might replace one of questionable vintage and accuracy. For the navigator, what better than a fine sextant, or perhaps a chronometer, or, in place of it, a handy deck watch? A good log book will always prove acceptable.



A set of yacht china, such as this by Ovington Bros., will be appreciated by the boat owner.

A small, compact phonograph or radio set might be just the thing. Or, if your friend owns a sizable yacht, a set of handsome yacht china with his private signal on it would surely be a most acceptable gift.

A good compass, either with or without a binnacle box, will please the boat-owner. Also a set of brass running lights.

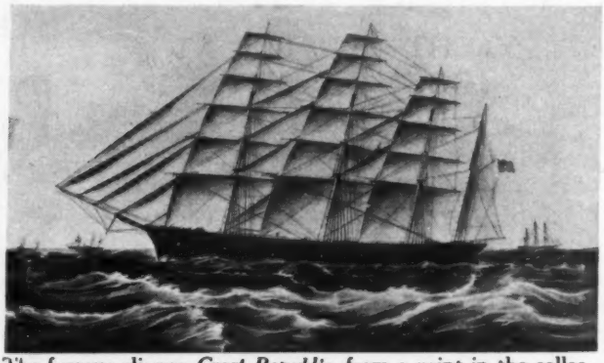
And if none of the above seems suitable, and you can't add anything to the list, why not give him a subscription to YACHTING, and assure him a solid year of fine nautical reading?

"Ships and Ways of Other Days"—E. Keble Chatterton

Review by Arthur Mason

IN "Ships and Ways of Other Days," a new edition of which has just appeared (Lippincott, 1924), Mr. Chatterton has given us another of his surprising compilations of exhaustive research which in no way relaxes the high standards of its predecessors, nor even treads upon their heels; and this in a subject that is not unlimited either in fact or point of view. A triumph of artistic achievement, I call this faculty of Mr. Chatterton's.

The book is readable from one end to the other. While, like Mark Twain's biography, it is, and it is not, chronological, there is sufficient repetition at the right time to place the succession of development-marks of the ship well in the mind of any reader, and the re-suggestions are not wearisome. It is a thoroughly readable book, and one that ought to be included in the library of every yachtsman as a valuable and historical piece of writing, and an able summary and interpretation of what has gone before, not only from the point of the development of ships from the earliest times, but from the point of appreciation of the minds and manners of men in connection with them at each stage of their development.



The famous clipper, *Great Republic*, from a print in the collection exhibited by Kennedy & Co. (See page 42.)

Two points which made the author's task easier than that of most research writers were, firstly, that ships have developed by stages so far removed from each other as to leave an uncluttered picture to the mind of the person who would accurately remember each addition to their usefulness in war, commerce, and discovery. In fact, these were the stages themselves; for war was the prime reason for ships, hauling of supplies of war the second, and depredation and discovery the third. It is interesting to note that fire-ships were used in war in the eighth century, while lightships for navigational aids were not thought of until the eighteenth, when, for the first time, peace and protection played as large a part in the use of ships as aggression and defense.

Chatterton deals satisfactorily with this social aspect, as he does with the structure of hulls, and one finds in this book even a regard for expressions and the evolution of seagoing terms which is both instructive and amusing.

WRIGHT TYPHOON MARINE ENGINE

THE remarkable performances of the Marine Engines built by this Organization presage their being the outstanding feature of the 1925 season.

It is suggested that private owners seeking superlative service make immediate inquiry concerning specifications, deliveries and other details.

WRIGHT AERONAUTICAL CORPORATION

Richard F. Hoyt's "TEASER" designed by George F. Crouch, built by Henry B. Nevins, New York, and powered with a Wright Typhoon Engine. Unquestionably one of the fastest boats in the world.

Wright Typhoon Marine Engine. 12 cylinder, 60 degree V Type. 600 H. P. Bore 5.75 in., stroke, 6.25 in. 1947 cu. in. cylinder displacement, weight of engine alone 1160 lbs. Weight of reverse gear 700 lbs., complete weight 1860 lbs. 600 H. P. at 2100 R. P. M., 550 H. P. at 1900 R. P. M. Available for immediate delivery

WRIGHT ◇ AERONAUTICAL ◇ CORPORATION, *Paterson, New Jersey, U.S.A.*

Of Interest to the Skipper

Lady Helen, a little 21-foot runabout which won the Junior Gold Cup at Detroit. She averaged better than 30 miles an hour with a new model 6-cyl. Scripps motor.

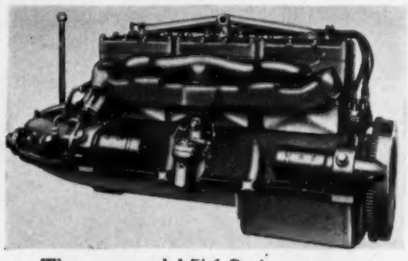
The New Scripps Model F-6

The great success of the Scripps 4-cylinder motor, Model F-4, created such a demand for a somewhat larger motor of the same type that the Scripps Motor Co., of Detroit, after two years of experimenting and testing, finally presented a new 6-cylinder model to the critical public. This new model, known as the F-6, on its first appearance in *Lady Helen* in the Junior Gold Cup Regatta, justified the faith of its designers by carrying off first honors in most convincing fashion.

While the new model won quick fame in an international racing event, it is not a mere racing machine, but an economical, reliable, sturdy motor, fitted for a wide range of service in speed boats, runabouts, cruisers, auxiliaries, etc., and is equally as fine a motor in every way as the famous F-4. The eighteen years of experience of the Scripps organization is reflected in the complete solution of the carburetion and intake manifold problems, the most baffling factors in successful 6-cylinder construction. The new outfit is a unit power plant, including distributor ignition, enclosed reverse gear, two unit starting and lighting, storage battery, etc.

Edson Products Are Popular

An old concern with plenty of young blood is the Edson Mfg. Co., of Boston, Mass., who are known all over the world as the originators and manufacturers of diaphragm bilge pumps, steering gears, exhaust hose, and many other marine specialties. Their steering gears continue to enjoy wide popularity, some of their recent installations being aboard the schooners *Bowdoin, Goodwill, Moby Dick, Dauntless, Malabar V, Blue Goose* and *Northern Light*. Their new Simplex Steerer, built to meet the demand for an efficient, durable yet inexpensive gear, has met with great success, and has recently been specified by John G. Alden, Wm. H. Hand, and other well-known naval architects. Edson Special Exhaust Hose, one of their latest products, was developed after years of experimenting and testing aboard vessels of the Boston and Gloucester fishing fleet, and has proven superior in every way to iron pipe and other types of exhaust lines. The Edson Co. has issued a new catalogue of marine appliances, and is attractively arranged for the benefit of naval architects, builders and all those interested in yachts generally.



The new model F-6 Scripps motor.

A New Kermath

The Kermath Mfg. Co., of Detroit, have just announced a new motor for 1925. It will be a 6-cylinder engine, 4⅜" bore and 5½" stroke, 7 bearing crankshaft and 7 bearing cam shaft, force feed lubrication throughout of the dry sump type, and will have many interchangeable parts with their models 35 and 50. It will be made in both high speed and low speed types. The high speed type will be of all-aluminum construction, weighing 1,150 lbs. complete, and will develop 75 to 100 h.p. operating at 1,500 to 1,850 r.p.m. The low speed type will be all-iron construction, weighing 1,550 lbs., and will develop from 40 to 60 h.p. operating at from 600 to 1,000 r.p.m.

Equipment includes full double ignition with Bosch magneto, Bosch battery system, Bosch electric starter and generator, and extra heavy storage battery of 120-ampere hour capacity. Both types have been thoroughly tested out during the past six months, and have more than come up to the expectations of their manufacturers.

Consolidated Play Boats

The photograph on our cover this month is an unusual picture of one of the Consolidated 34-foot Play Boats. These boats were developed for use both in Florida waters in the Winter, where they have proved very popular, and on coastwise or inland waters of the north in Summer.

J. J. Amory, of the Consolidated, takes a ride in one of his recently constructed play boats.

The Herreshoff Plant at Bristol

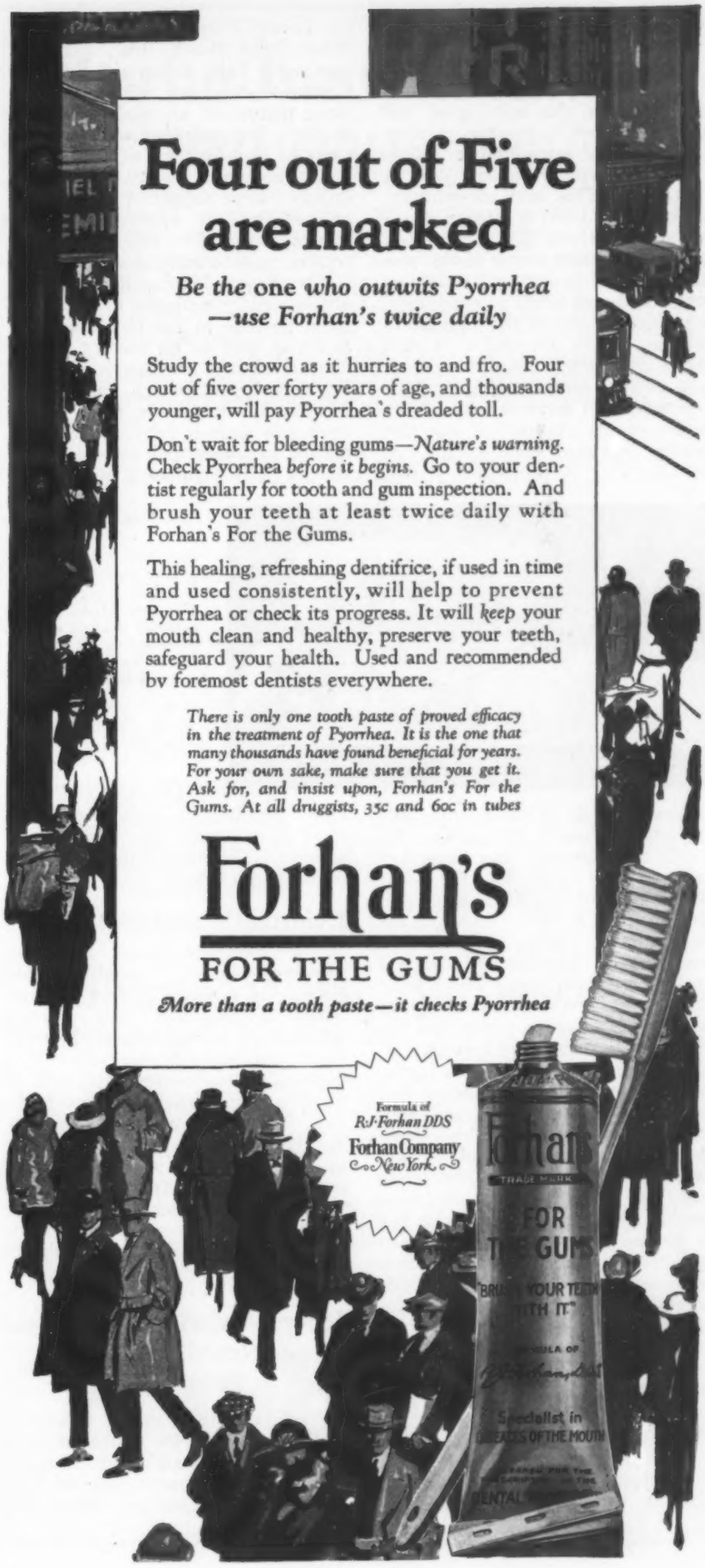
(*Continued from page* 47)

laying down and assembling steel yacht construction, while a three-storied building was put up for electrical work and storage. This made the plant very complete and well balanced for the character of work it specialized in.

A return to the building of sailing yachts came in 1890, when Commodore E. D. Morgan, having been impressed with the fine qualities of N. G. Herreshoff's cat yawl *Clara,* gave orders for building two somewhat similar boats, except that they had overhanging bows. These were the cat yawls *Pelican* and *Gannet.* The following winter, N. G. Herreshoff worked up a design for a 46-foot class yacht, a sloop class that was attracting much interest at that time. Commodore Morgan was pleased with it and decided to build from it. The result was *Gloriana*—a boat that made a clean record in the class in 1891. In the fall of 1891, N. G. conceived and had built for himself the first yacht with a metal plate keel and heavy lead bulb. This was *Dilemma.* She was quite a success and was the forerunner of a number of fin-keel yachts built in the following decade. They included the 2½-rater *Wenonah,* which won in that class in Scottish waters, and the 10-rater *Dakota,* which did the same for her class. *Wee Winn,* a half-rater, *Morivena,* a one-rater, and *Maneen,* 2½-rater, each won out in their class on the south coast of England. In 1895, *Niagara,* a 20-rater, was champion of her class in all British waters. Then there came the Larchmont class of five 21-footers in 1894, the Newport class of twelve 30-footers in 1896.

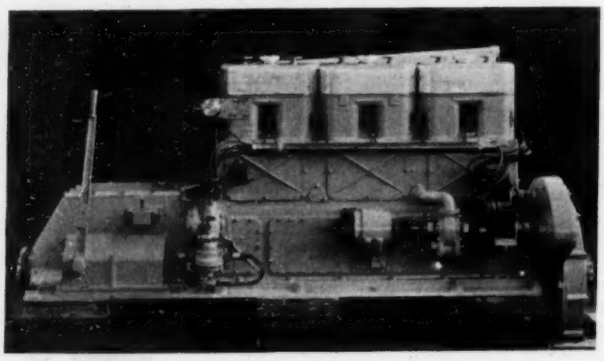
Following the success of *Gloriana* in 1891, there came an order from Mr. Archibald Rodgers for another 46-footer, and *Wasp* was launched in the spring of 1892. She proved better than *Gloriana* and she killed the interest in that class. That year an order was received from Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll for a large sloop yacht to cruise in European waters, and incidentally to have some racing in English waters. Our English friends soon heard of it, and as they had no up-to-date single-stickers to meet an 85-foot water line sloop, and nothing to try out a challenger for the America's Cup, which was about to be built, the British yacht designers got busy and turned out four large sloops (or cutters) the following Spring—one to come over for the America's Cup and three to meet Mr. Carroll's *Navahoe.* In design, all these yachts were far more of a racing type than *Navahoe,* and she

(*Continued on page* 83)


Four out of Five are marked
Be the one who outwits Pyorrhea —use Forhan's twice daily
Study the crowd as it hurries to and fro. Four out of five over forty years of age, and thousands younger, will pay Pyorrhea's dreaded toll.
Don't wait for bleeding gums—Nature's warning. Check Pyorrhea before it begins. Go to your dentist regularly for tooth and gum inspection. And brush your teeth at least twice daily with Forhan's For the Gums.
This healing, refreshing dentifrice, if used in time and used consistently, will help to prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress. It will keep your mouth clean and healthy, preserve your teeth, safeguard your health. Used and recommended by foremost dentists everywhere.
There is only one tooth paste of proved efficacy in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It is the one that many thousands have found beneficial for years. For your own sake, make sure that you get it. Ask for, and insist upon, Forhan's For the Gums. At all druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes
Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea
Formula of R.J. Forhan DDS
Forhan Company New York
TRADE MARK
FOR THE GUMS
Specialist in DISEASES OF THE MOUTH

The Latest Winton Marine Gasoline Motor

The supremacy of the Winton Engine Works in the building of the latest and most successful gasoline and Diesel-type marine power plants is further proved by the new Winton Model 106. This is a six-cylinder, four-cycle, 7″ bore, 8″ stroke, gasoline motor, which fills a long-felt want for a marine motor of this size that will stand up and give satisfying service under all kinds of conditions. The announcement of this addition to the long list of successful Winton marine engines will come as welcome news to boat owners, designers and architects, who know the need for a marine engine of medium size that can be depended upon completely. The Model 106 is clean, quiet, sturdy, unusually simple in construction, and shows throughout its design many desirable refinements and improvements which evidence the continued effort of its makers to stay in the forefront as the builders of the world's finest marine engines. The Model 106 is exceptionally powerful for its size, developing 250 h.p. at 1,200 r.p.m., and is heavy enough to insure dependability; supplied in both port and starboard types, to facilitate operation in twin-screw installations. One of the outstanding features is the oversized crankshaft, four inches in diameter, which eliminates torsional vibration and provides large bearing surfaces for connecting rods and main bearings, reducing bearing pressures and increasing life of engine. Crankshaft is made of high-carbon steel, and entire shaft is machined and drilled from main bearings through chocks and pins for lubrication. All bearings and pins are ground. Bearings are brass shells, lined with best high-grade Babbitt scraped to fit.



The new Model 106 6-cylinder Winton engine, designed to fill the demand for a Winton of moderate size.

Real Service for Hall-Scotts in Florida

The Hall-Scott Motor Co., of Buffalo, N. Y., have recently appointed the Power Marine Railways Co., of West Palm Beach, Fla., exclusive agents for Palm Beach and Broward Counties. Not only will new Hall-Scott motors of all models be kept in stock, but excellent service to all users of Hall-Scotts is assured by the newly appointed agents, who have laid in a large supply of spare parts, and engaged an expert Hall-Scott service man, who will oversee all repairs, replacements, etc.

The Power Marine Railways Co. are splendidly equipped to do everything possible in the repair line, on boats as well as on motors. Their marine railways are capable of handling any yacht which can go to Florida by the inside route, while their new store is fully stocked with marine hardware, paints, and everything a yachtsman might want. Mr. Clive Merchant, a capable designer, is plant manager, and Mr. E. M. Fowler is in charge of the marine railways and office.

Evinrude Wins More Honors

The Evinrude motor has often proven its power, speed and reliability in many a contest for outboard motors, and only recently added to its prestige abroad by making a clean sweep of the races held at Johore, Straits Settlements, held in honor of the Sultan's fifty-first birthday. There were two days of racing, the last day the boats covering a course of 20 miles in a pouring rain and choppy sea. Evinrudes won all three places on each day, and were awarded the silver shield emblematic of the winning make of outboard motor in the races.

Jeffery's Marine Glue Used on New Coast Guard Patrol Boats

There is nothing new or strange in the use of Jeffery's Marine Glue in deck seams of all types of craft, whether it be a small pleasure boat, or the great *Leviathan*, where over 16,000 pounds of Jeffery's Marine Glue were used. There are times, however, when the features surrounding a particular installation justify special mention, as appears in the case of the new U. S. Coast Guard Patrol boats. Jeffery's Marine Glue was endorsed by the Committee on Purchase, U. S. Coast Guard, and was the unqualified choice of the majority of builders who finally received the contracts for construction. In addition to its use in deck seams, many of the builders also used Jeffery's C Quality glue for laying and attaching canvas to house-tops and hatch covers.

Williams & Manchester Installing Big Marine Railway

A new marine railway capable of handling vessels up to 700 tons, deadweight, is now being installed at Williams & Manchester's Shipyard, Lee's Wharf, Newport, Rhode Island. Already well equipped with two railways and fine storage space, they will now be able to repair and store a large number of yachts, from the smallest skiff to craft of 70 to 80 feet in length.

The A. P. B. A. Meeting

(*Continued from page* 44)

the acceptability of an entry after a decision at said meeting is rendered.

"For the 'Gold Cup' Class, this Contest Board is to be composed of the owners of the boats who had entries in the 1923 and 1924 races; also the chairmen of the Gold Cup Race Committee for those two years, together with the Chairman selected by the Club that will conduct the 1925 race; there will also be three members of the Racing Commission. Subsequent to 1925 all additional owners who raced the preceding year and the chairmen of the last race committee will become members. Any one who has not raced or conducted a race for two preceding years will be dropped from the Board.

"This Board is to meet behind closed doors. Records of the proceedings of the pre-race meetings are not to be made public, beyond the bare announcement of the entries accepted. This Contest Board is also to meet not later than the previous day to the annual meeting of this Association to formulate and submit suggested changes in the rules for adoption by this Association in a regular manner as provided for in our by-laws. It may receive and consider suggestions from any source.

"The creation of this Contest

Board practically puts into the hands of those who are to compete and manage the race, the making of whatever rules their experience has convinced them are necessary, and they will determine the eligibility of all entries; and this Board being made up of owners of boats who have run boats in previous races or who have managed such races, it is better qualified to do a good job and arrive at a mutual understanding than can be done by a committee which may be composed of men who are more interested in cruisers, or, perhaps, sail boats.

Commercialism vs. Sportsmanship

"To our way of thinking there is no reason for a protest except for an infraction of the general racing rules. Every contestant knows perfectly well what the rules concerning boats mean. Either personally or by proxy they all had a part in drafting them. After years of experience in conducting motor boat races, we have come to the conclusion that fully ninety-nine per cent of the protests are occasioned by a lurking spirit of commercialism. It may be most insidious, hence very difficult to locate, but if you will hunt long enough and dig deep enough, usually it can be uncovered.

"No matter how small or how remote may be its connection, when commercialism gets into the game, an appeal to the sportsmanship of the various contending parties is not of much avail because the future reputation or the business success of some individual is paramount. The deplorable part of such incidents is the fact that an assault is always made upon this Association, and the public, not knowing the real facts, believe it to be a bungling, arrogant, obstinate, autocratic body, incapable of assuming the authority vested in it."

Many Challengers for Gold Cup

Challenges galore are pouring in for the Gold Cup race next year, to be held under the auspices of the Columbia Yacht Club in waters adjacent to New York. The Miami Beach Yacht Club was the first in the field, naming Carl G. Fisher as the challenging owner, and a new craft, *Baby Shadow*, as the challenging boat. Horace E. Dodge, of Detroit, has announced that he will challenge shortly with no less than three craft, each to represent a different club—one the Columbia Yacht Club of New York, one the Detroit Yacht Club and another the Buffalo Launch Club. Gar Wood is said to be about ready to challenge with one or more boats, and Jack Williams, of Buffalo, will be on hand with a new *Curtis Wilgold*.

It's the Jump and the *slice that cause the pull*

Lay a HAIR on a piece of paper, and draw the DULLEST razor across it. You will CUT the hair easily. You doubt this—but try it—you'll see!

The paper holds the hair firm for the blade's edge. That's why the razor cuts the hair easily.

But the stubble of beard on your face is not a solid surface of hairs. There are thousands of empty spaces between the hairs. The razor jumps across these empty spaces. The zigzag, staggering, jolting, jumping of the razor blade across the empty spaces and through the hairs is what causes the "pull" and irritation.

A Great Discovery
that ends all shaving troubles

The soft, firm substance of Barbasol fills the spaces between the hairs, holding them up against the edge of the blade. Barbasol offers the same gentle resistance to the razor as the softened hairs. The razor cuts straight across the base of the hairs close to the skin. You get a smooth, close shave without "pull" with few razor strokes.

Diagram of shaving with lather—magnified many thousand times

Barbasol fills the empty spaces and holds the softened hair up *like this*—

Diagram of a Barbasol shave—magnified many thousand times

The trouble with lather is that it is light and porous. It lets the weight of the razor turn the hairs down against the face. The blade cuts through the length of the hair, causing the "pull" so many men suffer from in shaving. To get a close shave, with lather, therefore, is difficult. You must go over the face several times, which increases the irritation.

Shave With Barbasol
No Soap! No Brush! No Rub-In!

You put Barbasol on your face with the tips of your fingers—gently spreading a soothing, cooling film of Barbasol over the beard stubbles. Then shave. Barbasol requires no rubbing-in.

After shaving, do not use any soap to wash off the Barbasol. Just wipe your face with a damp towel, then with a dry towel. For Barbasol itself is the most soothing of face emollients. Barbasol and your razor are all the shaving kit you'll need.

Don't wait another day for your first Barbasol shave. Shave the Barbasol way tonight or tomorrow morning. It will be the best shave you've ever had—a cool, clean, comforting shave without razor "pull" and smarting skin. At most druggists, 35c and 65c. If yours cannot supply you, write us for free trial tube good for one week's shaving happiness.

The Barbasol Company, Dept. 20, Indianapolis, Indiana

Barbasol
for Shaving

Across the Atlantic in *Shanghai*

(*Continued from page* 30)

America and at having accomplished the crossing of the Atlantic without mishap.

As the land was some 20 miles distant, we decided to lay to for the night and get an early start the next morning. The weather was quite clear and a bright moon shone over us until midnight, when an early morning mist shut it from view and obscured the land ahead.

We got under way again at five in the morning with the land showing some distance on either bow as the morning mist cleared away. Once again we had a beautiful cloudless day to make port. We ran in close to the coast and spoke a little fishing dory. We learned that we were just north of Spearhead and that Battle Harbor lay some 18 miles to the south. We headed down the coast and in a few hours sighted the wireless station at Battle Harbor. Running along the coast inside of the reefs to the north of the lighthouse, we passed a little steamer going up the coast and saw a large three-masted schooner working up the bay. These were the first vessels we had seen since leaving Iceland, 17 days before. We rounded the island in front of Battle Island and slowly pushed our way into the narrow harbor. The harbor was small and we saw a dock of fair size, so we inquired of a group of people who rushed down to welcome us whether we could tie up. They had no idea who we were or where we had come from, but were very glad to see the American flag and they made our stay pleasant. Battle Harbor is the main base of the Grenfell Mission on the Labrador coast. The people there had had no word of Nutting. Neither had MacMillan been heard from for some time. The landlady proudly showed us his clothes hanging in a closet in the hotel awaiting his return.

We proceeded down the coast under power and turned to the west into the Straits of Belle Isle. We had a fine view of the steep and rocky coast of Belle Isle. A little later, with the fresh southeasterly breeze bowling us along, we sighted the low coast of Newfoundland and at sundown saw the first flash from a lighthouse that we had seen in the entire trip. By four in the morning we were abeam of the lights marking the western end of the straits. Here we saw a little town which could actually boast of more than 20 houses and in the background real trees of a decent height, the first we had seen since leaving Norway. The wind grew light as we proceeded down the west coast of Newfoundland. It was well on in the afternoon before we got abeam of Ferols Light. As we were in no hurry we did not use the motor and drifted on until the following day. Head winds and a fog made going rather slow and Ask found that the motor needed some repairing on the injection pump. Two trading schooners passed us during the day, but on Sunday afternoon we got the motor started and soon passed them. Late that afternoon we sighted Cow Head Light and shortly after sunset we had it abeam.

The next morning the wind was rather light and was dead ahead. We decided to stop in at Bay of Islands and see if we could not get our motor repaired. We had heard that there was quite a town at York Harbor, but on rounding the wooded island ahead of us we were disappointed to find only a few houses. We went back two miles and sailed into Lark Harbor, where we had seen a large dock on our way into the bay. We tied up there for the night and went ashore to see what we could do for the motor and get some provisions.

We found that we could not get anything done on the engine at Lark Harbor and upon learning that there was a machine shop at Meadows, some 15 miles up, we decided to go there and see if we could not get the fuel injection pump repaired. We cleared the dock about noon and started up the Bay of Islands. The first part of the way we had a fair breeze and moved along at a smart pace, passing the towering slope of Blow Me Down Mountain on the starboard beam. Fog and rain sometimes obscured the land for short periods as we worked our way up the Humber River, making it rather damp and monotonous. Shortly after supper the weather cleared and the wind, which had been fitful, practically died out. We were then only a mile from the landing marking the machine shop and were unable to sail as there was no wind. The water was some 30 fathoms deep and we couldn't anchor until we were almost on the shore. Shortly after dark a fresh breeze suddenly sprang out of the north and the *Shanghai* grounded. Chapman and I did some heavy work with our lifeboat and dropped two anchors out in the stream and we were able to haul off the shore just as the breeze started to increase. The anchors held and the next morning found us close by to the rocky shore where we had been in danger the night before. Our lifeboat, with its little snub ends, was entirely submerged as it had not been taken on board before we retired. The owner of the machine shop, Fred Brake, came alongside a little later and took us in tow to the wharf. All day he puzzled over the motor to no avail. Ask thought the only thing it really needed to do it any good was a stick of dynamite.

On Thursday morning Brake made a last futile attempt to fathom the inner secrets of the little Norwegian motor and at noon, after wasting three days, we decided to pull out and get on our way to Shelbourne. With a light head wind we made slow time and darkness found us still in the Bay of Island tacking back and forth to get out. By four, Friday morning, we had cleared the bay and started down along the west coast of Newfoundland. After breakfast a fine sailing breeze sprang up from the northeast and we logged a good five knots. In the afternoon we were abeam of Cape St. George and at sunset we squared away to the southwest for Cape Anguille down the Cabot Straits. During the night the wind grew light and the next morning at sunrise found us just abeam of the light on Cape Anguille.

During Chapman's watch, from eight to twelve that night, we drifted by Scatari Light with the current setting us dangerously near the famous Scatari rocks. We rounded without mishap and proceeded along the coast of Cape Breton Island to the westward, with light winds. When I came on watch at 4 a.m. we were abeam of Louisburg and drifting with very little wind. All Monday morning we made but little progress and it was not until three in the afternoon that a fresh breeze sprang up from the westward. We tacked in towards the shore on a northwest course until about 7 p.m., when we went about and headed out again. We did this as the weather was thick and we did not want to come on Cape Canso during the night. At 4 a.m on Tuesday morning we headed northwest once more, as we were anxious to get a landfall to find how far down the coast we were. Shortly before breakfast we passed a large schooner bound east.

The weather was very unsettled, but the mist was lifting and shortly before noon we sighted a small fishing smack ahead of us. It took us half an hour to get close to her and we found that we were only four miles from the gas buoy off Canso Light, which was three miles further in. After buying some fresh fish from the smack, we stood in close to the land, which was clearly visible ahead of us. We found that the wind prevented us from getting by the Cape on the inshore tack, so we went about and ran out again. After several short tacks, we again came well in shore and found that we still needed another hitch seaward to clear the rocks and reefs that lie off Cape Canso.

(*Continued on page* 84)

SOME YACHTS—

Cruising—Power—Racing

Designed by

JOHN G. ALDEN, N. A.

THE season of 1924 has seen a large increase in the number of Alden-designed yachts—"distinctive in every fleet." More than twenty new boats, ranging in size from the 85-foot steel schooner *Seadrift* to the 15½-foot Thousand Island Class, have been commissioned.

There is a reason for the popularity of Alden boats and there is something behind such telegrams as: "*Seadrift* arrived. Fifty-four days out. Fine boat. Does you great credit as her designer"; and "*Rusalka* rode out gale (the hurricane of August 26-27) under foresail. Wonderful boat."

Mr. Alden is not a mere desk designer, but to-day, as throughout his twenty-odd years, spends a good part of his summers in sailing his yachts, studying their performance under varying conditions, learning at first hand how they handle and behave at sea, and noting what good points to preserve and what other points can be improved.

This partly accounts for the fact that *Malabar IV* won every race in which she appeared in 1923. *Malabar V*, in 1924, won by easy margins the eight races in which she started. Both of these boats are heavy cruisers and take mixed parties up and down the coast with safety and comfort.

While Alden cruisers are, perhaps, best known to the general public, racing yachtsmen are equally familiar with his successes in the smaller classes. The "R" Class *Rogue* won the championship two years in succession. *Goblin, Sari* and *Rainbow* (ex-*Pam*) have been big winners on the Great Lakes. *Angela,* in California, won seven firsts in five days' racing.

The design, supervision and equipment of so many successful yachts requires a large force of able and efficient assistants, yet every step of the work has Mr. Alden's personal supervision. He is constantly over the drafting boards in order that no drawing shall be called complete until he has passed approval on *all* its details.

"DISCOVERER"

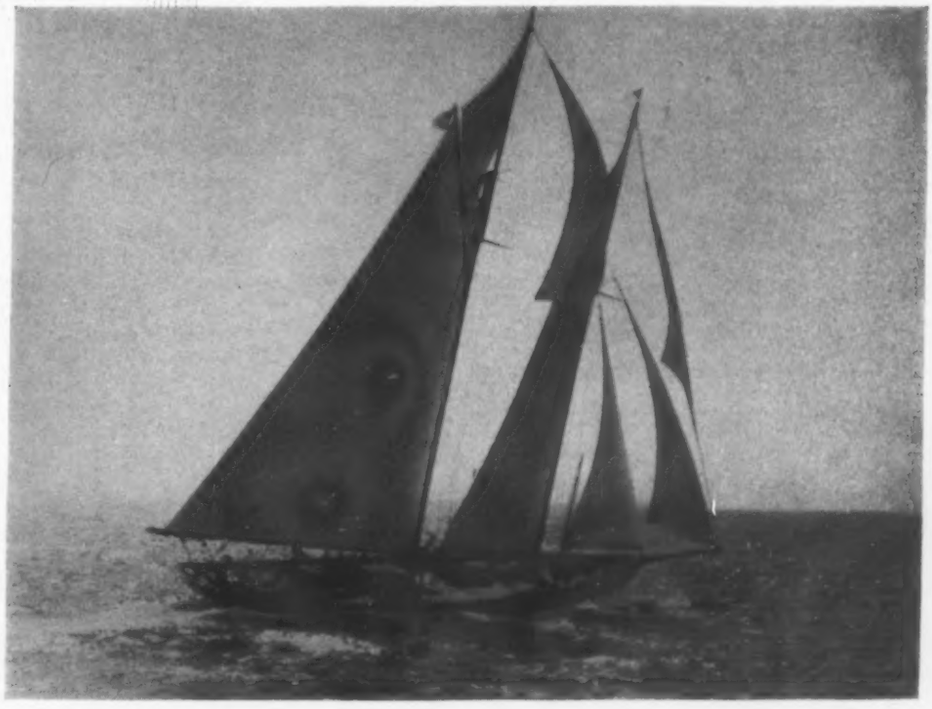
84 feet overall

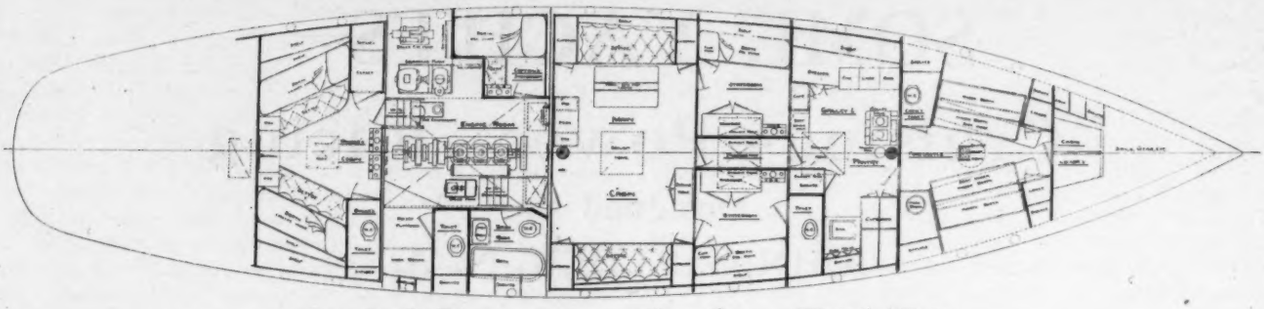
60 feet water line

4-Cylinder Sterling Trident Engine

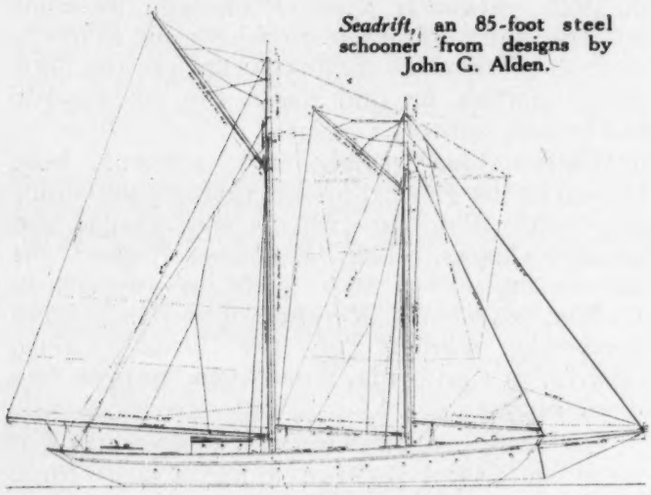
Designed and Built for

JOSEPH PULITZER, Esq.





Seadrift Does 5,400 miles for a Trial Trip



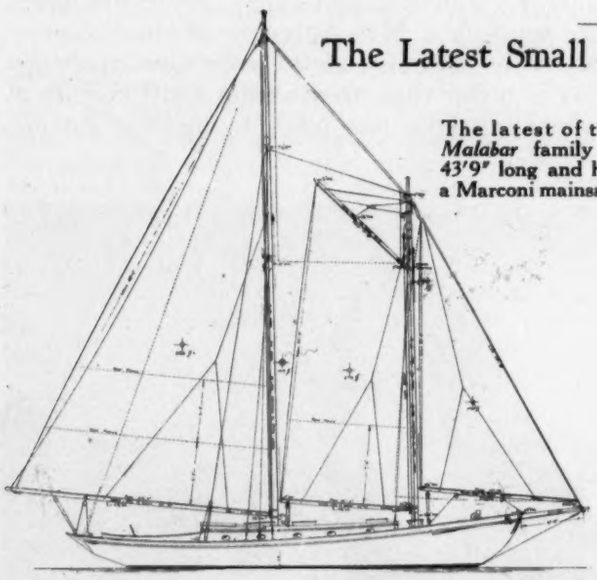
***Seadrift*, an 85-foot steel schooner from designs by John G. Alden.**

THE accompanying plans show an interesting schooner built in England this year from designs by John G. Alden, and which ended her trial trip recently in Greenport, N. Y., having covered 5,400 miles on her voyage to this country. *Seadrift* is built of steel, with teak deckwork, and looks every inch the seagoing cruiser that she is. She is neither too small to do the work expected of her, nor too large to be easily handled by a small crew. Her general dimensions show an overall length of 84′ 8″, l.w.l. of 60′, beam 20′ and 9½′ draft. She carries 3,800 square feet of canvas.

An unusual feature is the sunken deckhouse which acts as a chart room and lounge, and gives entrance to the owner's stateroom aft, and main cabin and guest rooms amidships.

Under the deck house is the engine room with its 35 H.P. Mianus Diesel engine, with a bathroom to starboard, and captain's stateroom to port. *Seadrift's* owner, Mr. C. S. Somerville, is enthusiastic over the power plant, which he operated himself as well as the ship.

The Latest Small *Malabar* Type Schooner

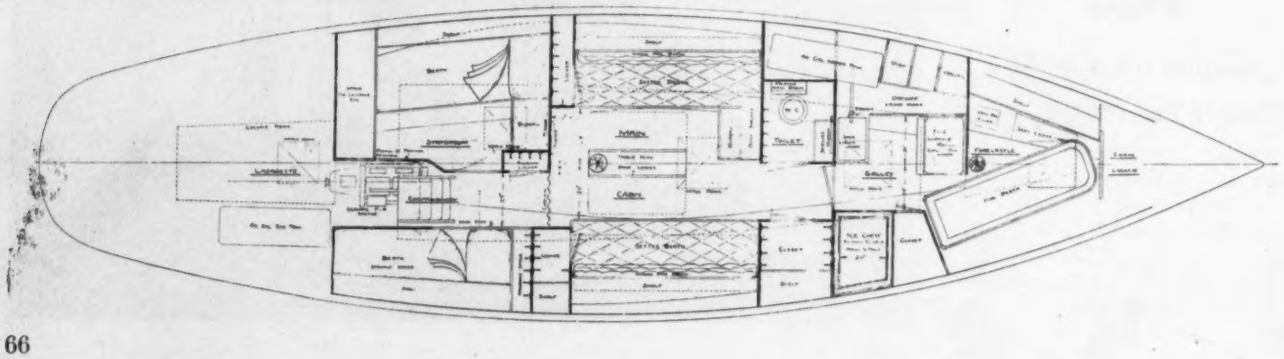


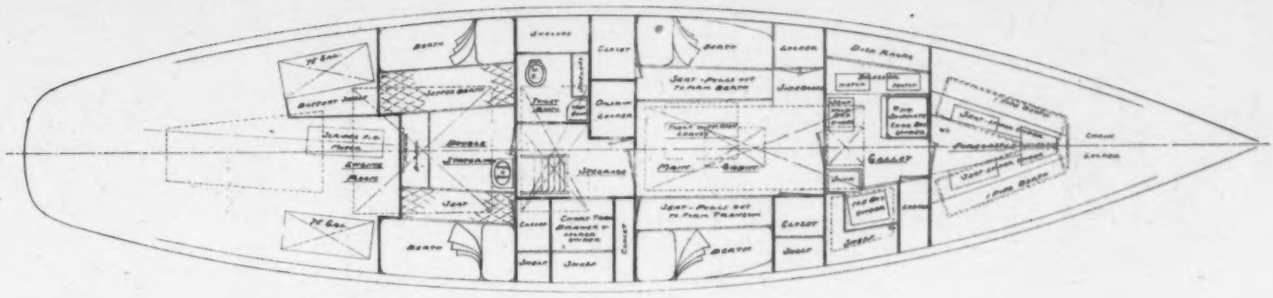
The latest of the *Malabar* family is 43′9″ long and has a Marconi mainsail.

The *Malabar* type of schooner has become exceedingly well known since J. G. Alden brought out the first one in 1921, and they are now to be found in nearly every yachting center on either coast. Eight more boats of "the family" were commissioned in 1924, and the plans herewith show the 1925 development of the type as now building at the yard of C. A. Morse & Son, at Thomaston, Maine. This new boat is 43′ 9″ l.o.a. and 32′ 9″ on the water, 11′ 3″ beam, with a draft of 6′ 4″.

After a successful trial of the rig late this season, in another boat of this type, she has been given a Marconi mainsail, which is very efficient and makes for ease in handling.

The motor is an F-4 Scripps, which has proven very successful during the past season and should give her a speed of 8 to 8½ miles under power. The accommodations consist of a stateroom, main cabin, large galley and forecastle with a pipe berth. She will sleep six in the after quarters.





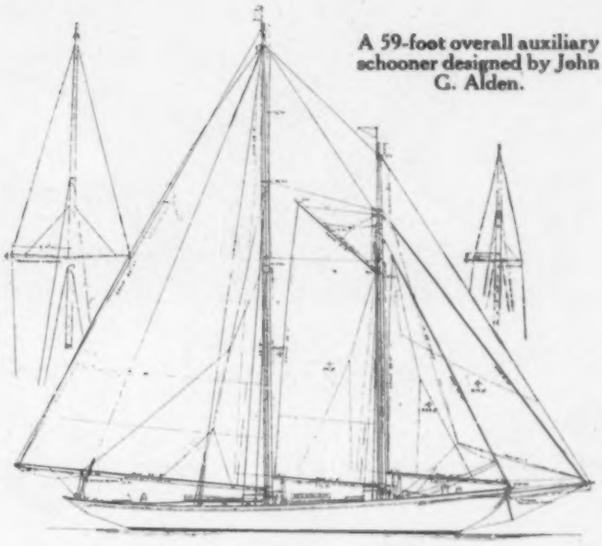
An Attractive Auxiliary Schooner

THESE plans show another of Mr. Alden's boats—a fine type of fast cruiser recently designed for Mr. R. B. Metcalf, of Providence, R. I. With her overall length of 59′ 6″, beam of 13′ 6″, 8′ 2″ draft, and 20,000 lbs. outside ballast, a powerful and able model is assured, and in the opinion of the designer, a good turn of speed may be expected. Contrary to the designer's usual practice she has been given a moderate Marconi rig.

The four-cylinder 15-40 h.p. Scripps motor is installed in a separate engine room aft, and should drive her about 6 miles an hour.

The accommodations consist of double stateroom, passageway stateroom, main salon with berths for four, large galley and a two-berth forecastle. Plenty of locker and storage space is provided so that the belongings of the ship's company will be secure and unobtrusive.

A class of these schooners is contemplated and the first is now under construction at the yard of F. F. Pendleton, Wiscasset, Maine.



A 59-foot overall auxiliary schooner designed by John G. Alden.

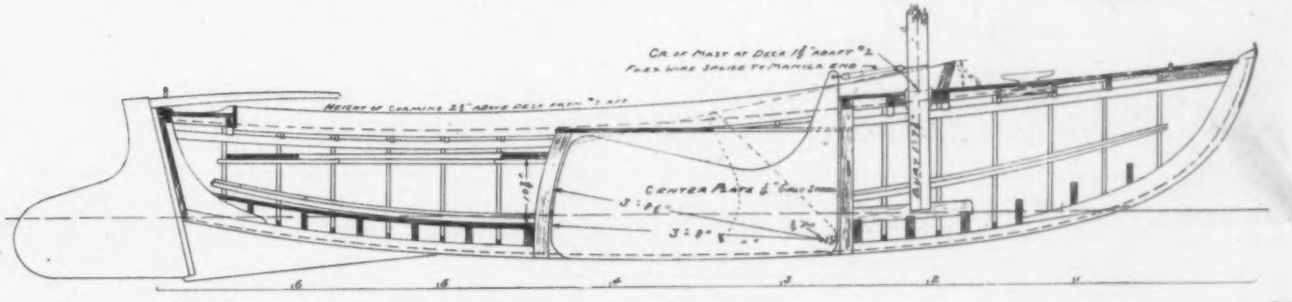
A Small Knockabout

And here is a very interesting little knockabout designed by John G. Alden, and built by George W. Chaisson for use among the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence.

The first of these sloops, when tried out by her designer last April off Marblehead, proved fast, able and very dry. As a class, they have made fine racing, and given an excellent account of themselves, proving very popular.

On an overall length of 15′ 6″, about 12′ 9″ water line, 6′ beam and with a galvanized iron centerboard, a good deal of boat is obtained for a small sum. The total cost of only $390.00 covers the boat complete, with Marconi rig and spinnaker.

The Thousand Island One-Design Class of 15-footers, from designs by John G. Alden. They are fast and able.



VOYAGER

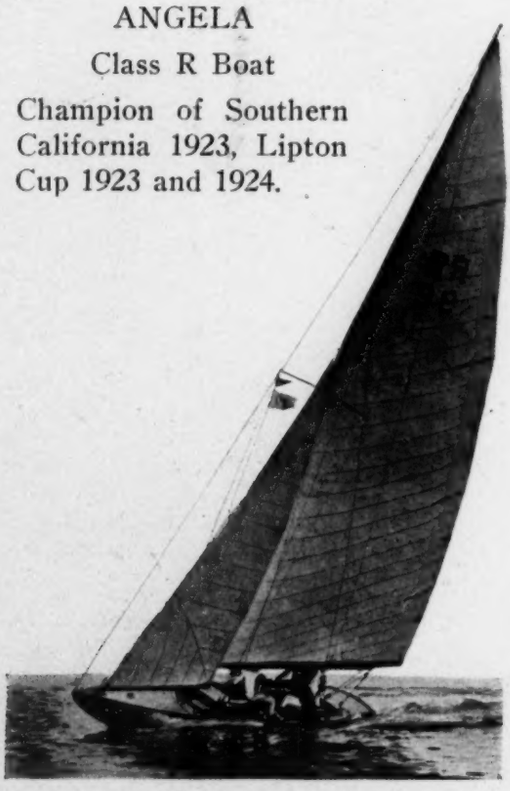
36′ 3″ x 28′ 5″ x 10′ x 5′ 9″

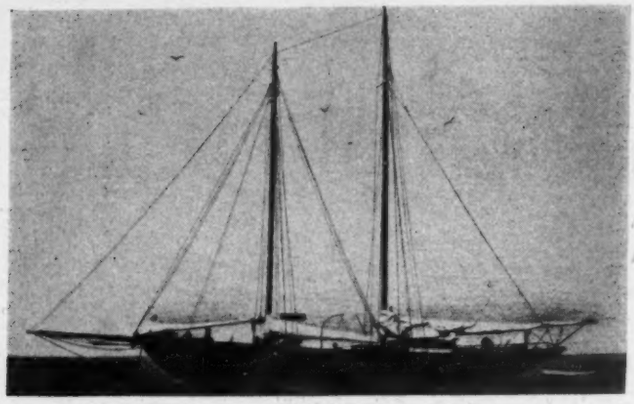
A successful small auxiliary schooner with ample accommodations for four.

ANGELA

Class R Boat

Champion of Southern California 1923, Lipton Cup 1923 and 1924.





SEADRIFT

84′ 8″ x 60′ 0″ x 20′ x 9½′

Steel schooner built in England, 1924, now in United States.

The following are some of the many yachts built from the designs of John G. Alden

SCHOONERS

"Seaward"	"Beacon Rock"
"Amorilla"	"Discoverer"
"Wendameen"	"Anonta"
"Jeannette"	"Alca"
"Ellida"	"Radiant"
"Mary Rose"	"Damaris"
"Volanti"	"Harlequin"
"Norseman"	"Black Duck"
"Gilfan"	(Ex. "Malabar IV")
"Primrose IV"	"Fairmaid"
"Discovery"	"Williwaw"
"Sunbeam"	"Mary Ann"
"Hilda"	"Blue Water"
"Yvonne"	"Elizabeth"
"Rusalka"	"White Squall"
"Voyager"	"Panchara"
"Nooma"	"Malabar II"
"Seadrift"	"Malabar III"
	"Malabar V"

MALABAR V

49′ x 36′ 9″ x 12′ 6″

Heavy cruiser, sleeping six, but winner of eight races in eight starts.

JOHN G. ALDEN, 148 State Street, BOSTON, MASS.

SAILING YACHTS — ALDEN DESIGN — POWER YACHTS

ANNA A

41′ 9″ x 32′ 3″ x 11′ 3″ x 6′ 2″

The owner and his wife cruised over 3,000 miles in 1924 without other help.

SEALOVE

62′ 2″ x 43′ 0″ x 14′ 0″ x 8′

Flush deck, cruising auxiliary schooner. Sleeps four in main cabin, double stateroom, three in forecastle.

Also the following yachts and power boats

YAWLS and KETCHES

"Sea Dog"	"Dawn"
"Solita"	"Cygnet"
"Nahma"	"Hermita"
"Felisi"	"Laura"
"Anna A"	"Tautog"

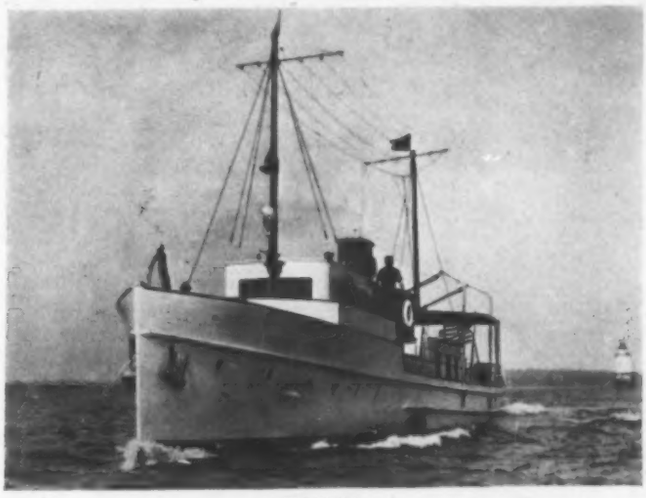
POWER BOATS

"Islander"	"Pitpen"
"Polly"	"Kinkora"
"Grosbeak"	"Esmonda"
"Faith"	"Katherine"

"R" BOATS

"Marianna"	"Alastor"
"Rogue"	"Opechee II"
"Yank"	"Goblin"
"Sari"	"Lillian E"
"Alimi" (Ex "Pam")	"Angela"
	"Francesca"

And many others.



FAITH

77′ 6″ x 76′ 2″ x 13′ 6″ x 5′ 11″

Commodious and able Mianus Diesel-engined cruiser.

THOUSAND ISLAND CLASS

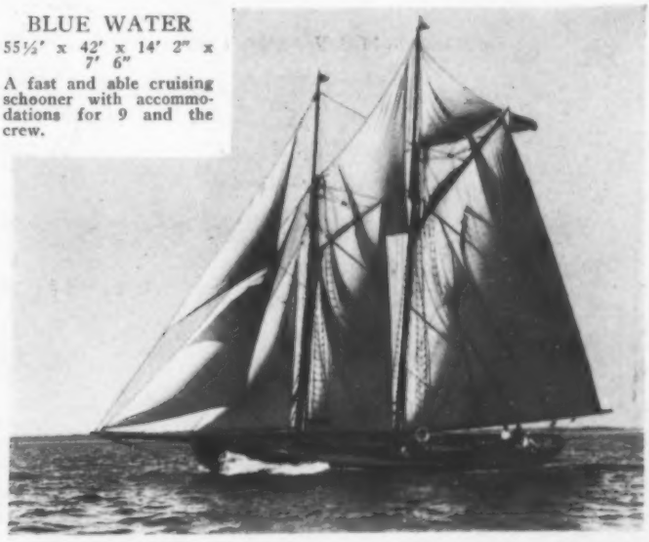
15′ 6″ x 12′ 9″ x 6′

An able little boat for less than $400.00 that has made fine racing.

BLUE WATER

55½′ x 42′ x 14′ 2″ x 7′ 6″

A fast and able cruising schooner with accommodations for 9 and the crew.



JOHN G. ALDEN, 148 State Street, BOSTON, MASS.

SAILING YACHTS ALDEN DESIGN POWER YACHTS

John G. Alden says:—

"In every case . . . most enthusiastic"

— *but read his letter*

MALABAR V
Built and owned by John G. Alden

RIGGED WITH WAMSUTTA

Gaff Rigged Schooners
Discoverer *Malabar V*
Elizabeth *Yvonne*
Marconi Schooner—*Hilda*
Ketch Schooner—*Felisi*
Porto Rico Dory Class

NOW BUILDING
To Be Rigged With Wamsutta
1 Gaff Rigged Schooner
3 Marconi Schooners
1 Auxiliary Sloop
2 "R" Class Sloops
1 "Q" Class Sloop

AFTER severely testing Wamsutta Yacht Duck Mr. Alden writes:

"I used Wamsutta duck on my forty-nine foot overall schooner 'MALABAR V' last summer with most satisfactory results.

"I also specified this duck on about fifteen other boats built from my plans, and in every case their owners were most enthusiastic about the results.

"I expect to use Wamsutta duck sails on my new schooner, the 'MALABAR VI', now under construction."

This enthusiasm which Mr. Alden reports, has been duplicated up and down the coast, where Wamsutta Yacht Duck has been used on almost every type of craft. The results of this season's racing show that Wamsutta is the winners' canvas.

Ask your sailmaker for a sample or write to

HOWE & BAINBRIDGE
Distributors
220 Commercial Street, Boston, Mass.

Made in All Weights for Boats of Every Size

WAMSUTTA YACHT DUCK

Made in America for American Yachts

WAMSUTTA MILLS, New Bedford, Mass., *Founded 1846.*—RIDLEY WATTS & CO., *Selling Agents*, 44 Leonard St., N.Y.

The Herreshoff Plant at Bristol

(*Continued from page* 61)

was generally beaten in the British racing.

The America's Cup challenge was received soon after Mr. Carroll gave his order, and a New York syndicate headed by Mr. Archibald Rodgers gave an order for another 85-footer, as a candidate to defend the America's Cup. Later, another order was received from a syndicate headed by Mr. C. Oliver Iselin for an 85-foot defender, and the Herreshoff Company had its hands full that Winter and Spring. These sloops were *Colonia* and *Vigilant*. In the trial races four big sloops contended and *Vigilant* proved the best, with *Colonia* second.

The following year, 1904, the Company built quite a fleet of small sailing yachts and a few steam yachts, and in the Autumn there was another America's Cup challenge and an order was received to build *Defender*, a sloop of 90-ft. waterline. The design was very thoroughly studied out. She was built with one aim in view—a racing yacht of extreme type, and she had many novelties, both in hull construction and rig. She proved successful.

This was their busiest year, and twenty-one yachts were turned out. In 1905 there were thirty-five, including the N. Y. Y. C. 30-foot class of eighteen.

John B. Herreshoff, the president and founder of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company, died in the Summer of 1915. His brother, N. G. Herreshoff, carried on the work alone for a year and a half, when the plant was sold out to a syndicate, who formed a stock company to continue the business. In 1916 there were launched an 80-foot schooner yacht, the 40-foot N. Y. Y. C. class of sloops, and about twenty-five other yachts.

During the past Summer the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company was sold and it was feared for a time that no more yachts would be built at this famous plant. However, the reorganization was entirely a financial one, and the shop will continue to build the type of yachts which have made it famous, with much the same personnel as before. Nathaniel G. Herreshoff is to be in charge of the designing for the Company, assisted by his son, Sydney, while the shop personnel is practically unchanged.

A departure from previous policy will be that the Company will build from the plans of other designers as well as from their own designs, thus offering an opportunity for naval architects to obtain the high quality of workmanship and engineering skill which this plant affords.

to the WEST INDIES

All the comfort and luxury of Cunard ocean travel—the renowned accommodations, equipment, cuisine, service—may be enjoyed on two delightful 30-day

Caribbean Cruises

sailing from New York, Jan. 22, and Feb. 24, 1925, on the oil-burner TUSCANIA of the Cunard and Anchor Lines.

Most comprehensive itinerary including: Havana, Kingston, Colon, Cartagena, Curacao, La Guayra, Port of Spain, Barbados, Martinique, St. Thomas, San Juan, Nassau, Bermuda.

Interesting and leisurely sightseeing ashore.

to EGYPT

By the MAURETANIA. This far-famed liner, an oil-burner and one of the world's most commodious, comfortable and up-to-date ships, will sail from New York Feb. 17, 1925, on a special trip to Egypt via Mediterranean ports.

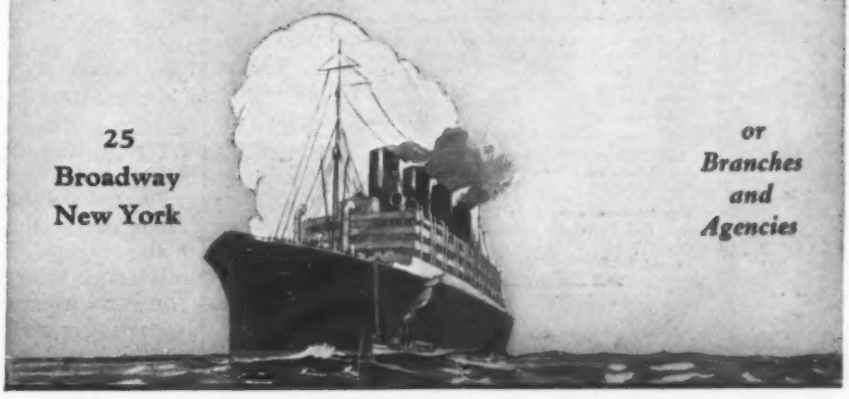
An opportunity unexcelled

to enjoy the inimitable Cunard service and cuisine while traveling to the land of the Pharaohs for the Egyptian Season, with ample time to visit many of the most interesting Mediterranean points en route.

Ports of call: Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Monaco, Naples, Athens, Haifa and Alexandria.

Round trip tickets returning via North Atlantic

Cunard and Anchor Lines



25 Broadway New York

or Branches and Agencies

CLIPPER SHIP "DREADNOUGHT"

APPROPRIATE XMAS GIFTS

OUR COLLECTION
OF
FINE OLD COLOR PRINTS
Relating to
SAILING SHIPS, ETC.
COVERS ALL INTERESTING PERIODS

KENNEDY & COMPANY
(Formerly H. WUNDERLICH & CO.)
693 FIFTH AVENUE (Above 54th St.)

The Hotel
BERMUDIANA

Pre-eminent among Bermuda's excellent hotels – newest, most modern, entirely fireproof. Situation unsurpassed, giving wonderful views of the Harbour, and surrounded by fifteen acres of beautiful grounds. Finest cuisine and service. Opens January 16.

All outdoor sports thruout the winter, original entertainments, unexcelled dance orchestra.

For booklet, write John O. Evans, Manager, The Hotel Bermudiana, Hamilton, Bermuda, or Furness Bermuda Line, Desk "B," 34 Whitehall Street, New York.

Barnegat Bay Comes Back Strong

(*Continued from page* 48)

capturing the Toms River Y. C. Challenge Cup and the Middleton Cup. The former trophy is the oldest on the Bay, as it has been in competition since 1871.

The Class B catboat racing in the newly conceived class brought out a large fleet. So successful was the handicap system used, that of the twelve boats in the class, the *Spider,* a winner of the Toms River Y. C. Challenge Cup in 1895, took the championship, upsetting all the dope. The runner-up was *Scat II,* champion catboat of the Bay in 1921.

The 20-foot sneakbox class furnished the closest racing of the season. Once again a champion defended her laurels successfully against a fleet of newer craft. Four boats were built for this class at the beginning of the season, all of the same design as the *Shirrand,* C. R. Runyon's 1923 champion. This trim little racer, sailing under the Mantoloking Y. C. colors, performed consistently and finished the championship race with 25 points. The next three boats all showed erratic flashes of speed, but were not dependable, finishing as follows: *Duster,* M. Crabbe, 21; *Sea Gull,* Pennock, 19; *Edith,* Doan, 18.

In the sloop racing the marked supremacy of the *Ardo II* has practically killed the class. This speedy craft, owned and sailed by Ritner K. Walling, won the championship for the second consecutive year.

The largest fleet of boats on Barnegat in point of numbers, the 15-foot one-design class, occupied the attention of the younger sailors. With this class of some sixty boats developing the younger skippers, it is only a matter of a few years before there will be a marked increase in large-yacht racing in North Jersey waters.

In the Class A 15-foot championship race, F. Slade Dale, of the Bay Head Y. C., scored the most striking clean-up seen on the Bay in years. Sailing the *C-U-Later,* this clever skipper turned in a victory in each of the eight races during the summer, finishing with a perfect total of 40 points. The rest of the fleet of some 25 craft were evenly matched, no one boat showing consistently to an advantage. John Trumpy captured second place. Hen. Horrock's *Shiner* and Ed. Schoettle's *Sally,* both of the Island Heights Y. C., tied for third place.

Across the Atlantic in *Shanghai*

(*Continued from page* 64)

As it was getting dark, we took a long tack out. The wind freshened a bit and gave us a fine sailing breeze, as it shifted to south by west. Shortly after 8 o'clock we tacked again and steered a west southwest course. This would take us along the coast well out, clear of the land, and enable us to clear everything. We were some six or seven miles out and every minute were going further out on our course of west southwest.

The barometer indicated clear weather and the visibility was fairly good. The wind, however, was very strong and increasing. Chapman and Arnold were on watch, when at 10:30 Ask awoke and seeing that it was blowing pretty hard, suggested that we take in the mainsail. It seemed a shame to spoil a fast run, but we thought that the wind and sea might increase, so we took in sail. The wind, by this time, was blowing harder than any time we had previously experienced on the voyage, and was moaning fitfully through the rigging. Whitehead Light was just visible on our starboard beam from a position a few feet up in the rigging. The chart gave the light a visibility as 11 miles, so it must have been some 13 or 14 miles from us. The barometer was still high, but the wind and sea were increasing rapidly. We were now steering a course of southwest. A short time after we lowered the main the

St. Petersburg
"The Sunshine City"

For a big time this winter, lay your course for the sunniest spot in Florida—that's St. Petersburg on the West Coast where sunshine failures average only 5 days a year.

Just made for the world's good fellows who love a boat. It's on a big hook sticking out into the Gulf — and the St. Petersburg Yacht Club say come on and let them show you the fun on the big Bay that runs back in for thirty miles and on the sparkling waters outside.

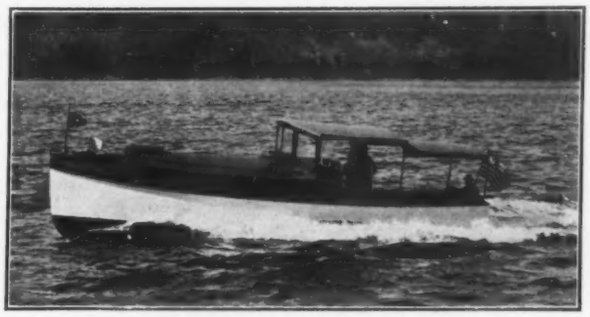
Game fish? — you'd think there was a convention of them — more lively kinds than you ever saw in one place. Famous bathing beaches too.

And every sport you want on land — fine golf courses, great motoring and all outdoor games. Famous band concerts daily in Williams Park. **Festival of the States** — the big carnival week of brilliant pageantry and fun.

Many fine new hotels, up-to-the-minute in convenience and comforts — and hospitable accommodations of all kinds at rates that will please you.

Let us help you to plan in time — just ask us about Florida's Harbors, coast line, charts, etc., or any other information you desire. Better write today.

Address M. P. Dillman, Chamber of Commerce
St. Petersburg, Florida



The 34-foot Play Boat recently built for Mr. Paul Moore contains refinements unusual in a small boat

A Play Boat De Luxe

THE small boat of largest all-around usefulness is a Consolidated Play Boat, designed after many years' experience of what the sportsman requires to make his Florida visit an entire success.

It is not too late to secure a Consolidated Play Boat for this season's use in Southern waters. Descriptive details on request.

CONSOLIDATED SHIPBUILDING CORP.
MORRIS HEIGHTS **NEW YORK CITY**

Yacht Tenders
Runabouts
Florida Fishing Boats
Cruisers
Houseboats
Motor and Steam Yachts

MOTOR-YACHT "TYPEE"

Length 82 ft. by 13 ft. 6 in. beam, 5 ft. draft. Constant speed, 11 knots

MAIN ENGINE —1, 100-H.P. MIANUS DIESEL ENGINE.

AUXILIARY —1, 15-B.H.P. MIANUS DIESEL ENGINE driving a 9-KW. Generator, for light, heat, cooking and refrigeration.

—1, MIANUS AIR-COMPRESSOR with Bilge-pump.

FUEL —Oil consumption 7½ gallons per hour at 5c, 37½c per hour, cruising radius 750 miles.

LUBRICATING —Oil consumption ¼ gallon per hour at 45c, 11¼c per hour.

WRITE FOR FULL INFORMATION ON MIANUS DIESEL AND GASOLINE ENGINES

MIANUS DIESEL ENGINE CO.

General Office, 165 Broadway, N. Y.

BRANCHES

321 W. 42nd St. New York — 12 Commercial Wharf. Boston, Mass. — 126 Market Place Baltimore, Md.
328 E. 3rd St. Los Angeles, Cal. — 116 Boush St. Norfolk, Va.

AGENTS—Pacific Marine Engine Co., Seattle, Wash.
Eclipse Engineering Co., New Orleans, La. — F. W. Backus, Miami, Fla.

AN UNUSUAL GIFT

"BREMENSIA"

POWERFUL BINOCULARS

THE CHOICE OF THE "DUPLEX SELECTION"

8 power, 27 millimeter objectives, weight 19 ounces, including leather case and shoulder strap .....

$23.75

Makes a Handsome Xmas Gift

No yacht should be without several pairs of these glasses.

The "BREMENSIA" Binoculars are mechanically perfect — possessing the greatest possible amount of light and clearness, and a wide field of vision. Objects are seen with an extraordinary amount of sharpness and detail. Sturdy and well made, to withstand rough usage; light and compact. We guarantee these glasses to be the equal of any $50 Binoculars made.

Value $50.00

SPECIAL FEATURES. Individual Eye strength and inter-pupillary adjustment. These glasses have been sold extensively to army, navy and marine officers.

DU-PLEX

This trade mark is your protection. The DU-PLEX Selection tag is your assurance that the glasses are guaranteed to be absolutely perfect and exactly as represented or your money will be refunded unconditionally.

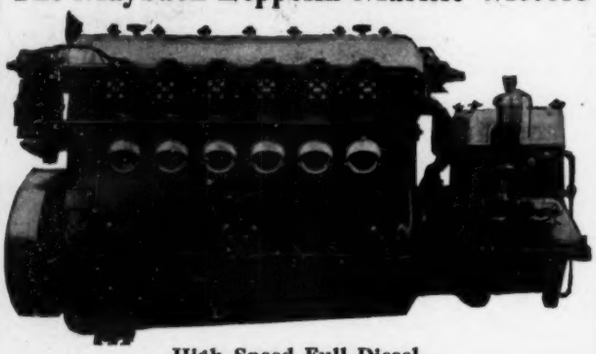
SEA VOYAGERS, hunters and tourists cannot make a better choice than the "DU-PLEX," when looking for really good binoculars.
Price includes leather carrying case and shoulder strap.
Sent POSTPAID anywhere in the U. S. on receipt of price, $23.75.
If you wish, we will be pleased to forward the glasses you choose direct to the recipient, with your Xmas card, parcel post, insured.

YOUR MONEY BACK IF YOU WANT IT

ARMY & NAVY SUPPLY CO.

243 WEST 42nd STREET, Dept. Y, NEW YORK

The Maybach-Zeppelin Marine Motors



High Speed Full Diesel
at 1400 Rev. per Min. 150 H. P.
Weight 2650 lbs.

GASOLINE MARINE MOTORS

450 H. P., self reversing 12 cyl. motor
1400 RPM. weight 2300 lbs.
The MOTOR that
brought the ZR-3 to America

60 H. P. Marine Motor with reduction gear 1200 lbs. 1800 RPM. 900 RPM. on The Propeller Shaft
60 H. P. Marine Motor with direct drive 1100 lbs., 2000 RPM.
260 H. P. Marine Motor for Speed boats, 1500 RPM. 920 lbs.
Another product is the Maybach-Zeppelin Big "6" Automobile
Write for Specifications

F. W. VON MEISTER
General Agent for the United States
253 West 57th Street New York City
Agencies for various territories still available

staysail blew out. It started with a cracking sound and was ripped into shreds in a couple of minutes. It went so quickly, it appeared as if it were burnt instead of just blown to bits. Ask and Chapman got in the staysail halliard and attempted to set the jib on the same halliard. The force of the wind was now such that it was impossible to hoist it more than half way up the stay. Four times we attempted to get that little jib up, but in vain; each time the wind blew it out over the side and even the windlass was of no avail in getting it up.

The sea by this time was getting up and the *Shanghai* showed herself to be a marvelous sea boat. Of course, we were practically hove to, as the only sail we carried was a small mizzen, but even with the tops of the seas breaking three or four feet high, the boat rode over them with dry decks. Only an occasional bit of spray would fly across us as a sea struck her abeam. The wind was by this time shrieking and howling through the rigging, and occasionally the swift moving clouds would disclose the stars and moon for a second, making them appear like tiny flashes.

We were wondering exactly how close we were to the coast, as we knew that we were being blown toward it, since the wind was from the south and the coast line runs east and west. The flash of Whitehead Lighthouse was by this time a little forward of the beam on the starboard side.

We decided to get out the sea anchor and retard our drift with it. It was fully an hour before we got it rigged and overboard. We had never used it before, but found that it worked well. We had out about 80 fathoms of line, but did not bother to put on the tripping line. The iron hoop was about five feet in diameter, with two hinges, making it easy to stow. The canvas cone was about eight feet long, with a 6-inch opening at the small end. A large swivel was attached, just where the rope joined the two lines from either side of the anchor. We rode easily to the anchor and lay from three to four points off the wind. Below decks we were fairly comfortable. Chapman and Arnold retired to their bunks to get some sleep. I looked at the barometer, and to my surprise it showed 29.1; only an hour before it stood at 30. Then I knew we were in for some bad weather. We were all pretty well tired out and there seemed nothing much to do, as we were riding comfortably to the sea anchor and several hawsers which we had put out. It was impossible to get any sail up on account of the strength of the wind, and as long as we kept off the coast we were all right.

Until dawn broke we could not tell where we were, as it was a dark night and the spray blown from the tops of the seas made the visibility very poor. I had been below a short while when a terrific crash occurred. Out went the two lamps and I heard the sound of water rushing into the cabin. My first thought was that a big sea had hit us and smashed in the skylight. I went on deck and crawled around, finding all the hatches secure, as well as the skylight. Looking around I could see nothing but flying spray, foam and surging seas.

On prying up the floor hatches we found only a little water in the hold, so that the water over the cabin floor evidently came from the topsides somewhere. I went on deck again and called to Ask, who had been in the engine room all this time. He said we were making very little water, so there seemed no cause for alarm. We cleaned up the cabin a bit and I closed the hatch to keep out any spray. Then, suddenly, came several sharp quick bumps which jarred the ship considerably. This time we knew we were on the rocks, as no one could mistake those grinding jolts. We all scrambled on deck. Along the starboard side, close by us, we could see large rocks with huge seas breaking against them. Astern of us and on the port quar-

THE BERGH BOAT CORPORATION
ANNOUNCES

THAT they are now occupying the showroom at 57 Park Place, New York City, and will exhibit fully rigged or equipped small Sail, Power, and Row Boats, as well as Marine Motors and Auxiliary Air Compressor Units for Diesel Engines.

Their personnel is versed in the design, construction and handling of small water craft. Therefore, you are assured of personal co-operation with your problem.

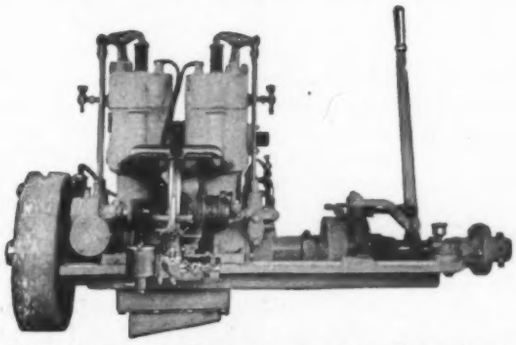
Local Agents and Distributors for CAPE ROZIER Boat Company and SNOWDON Sailing Boats.
HARTFORD Two-Cycle Marine Engine, ELTO, EVINRUDE Outboard Motors and RIX Compressor.
Designers and Builders of Rowing Skiffs, Power Skiffs, Sea Skiffs.

THE BERGH BOAT CORPORATION
57 PARK PLACE *Barclay 0680* NEW YORK

PALMER ENGINES
2 to 80 h. p. **1 to 6 cylinders**

For Pleasure and Commercial Service

Unfailing Quality
The fruit of 25 Years of Success in building Marine Power Plants—



Model YT2, 5 H.P., 2 cyl., 4 cycle, weight about 200 lbs.

The latest addition to the Palmer line.

PALMER BROS. ENGINES, Inc.
COS COB, CONN., U. S. A.

BRANCHES AND DISTRIBUTORS

Baltimore, Md....306 E. Lombard St.
Boston, Mass.....59 Haverhill St.
Jacksonville, Fla....122 So. Ocean St.
New York City....128 Lexington Ave.
Norfolk, Va. .....1st and Front Sts.
Philadelphia, Pa.....9 N. 6th St.
Portland, Me. .....39 Portland Pier
Vancouver, B. C.....1100 Powell St.
Tampa, Fla.....337 So. Franklin St.

SHIPMATE RANGES

Smallest Size *Body 18¾ inches long* — *Largest Size* *No limit to length*

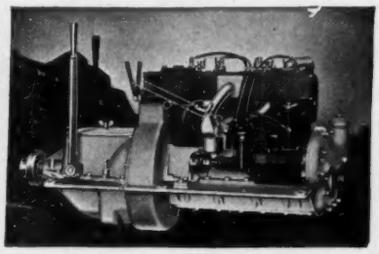
Probably because we are better known than any other manufacturers of vessel ranges, dealers write to us for repair parts for various galley ranges that we have never made, and for which, of course, we have no parts.

We have a record of most of the vessel ranges that have been made in this country, and are very pleased to give such inquirers all the information we have.

THE STAMFORD FOUNDRY COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 1830 STAMFORD, CONN.

GRAY MARINE MOTORS

Established 1906 **60,000** users the world over tell how good Gray Motors are — they have been good since 1906.



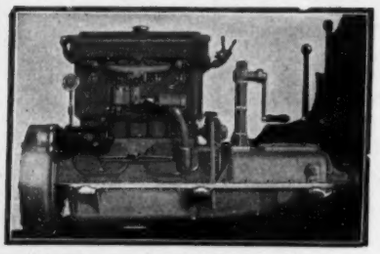
Into these motors has been designed and built all the quality and up-to-date engineering that it is possible to put into a Marine Motor regardless of price.

Starter Side Model "Z" 14-18 H.P. Aluminum base, gear cover, flywheel, housing, clutch housing, oil reservoir. Length 41½". Weight 395 pounds, 19 miles per hour in 18 ft. speed boat, 10 miles in 25 ft. cruisers, 13 to 17 average launches.

Gray Valve-in-Head motor, 20-30 H.P. Model "V" complete ready to run, including clutch and ignition $460.00 to $720.00 depending on type of equipment—However, the $460.00 motor itself is a complete motor *just as good* and just as powerful in every way as the more expensive plant.

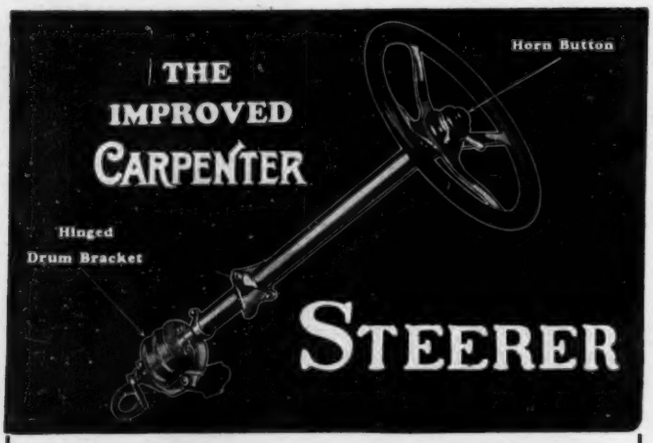
Ask for list of bargains just out. A real clean up sale—all good values.

Ask for new catalog of 2 cycle engines, 3 H. P. to 8 H. P.



Model "V" valve-in-head motor.

Gray Marine Motor Co.
720 Canton Ave.
Detroit, Mich., U.S.A.



Has the following advantages:

Press Button for Horn in Wheel. Improved Spark and Throttle Controls. Hinged Drum Bracket, permitting change of angle of Steering gear. Greater strength and rigidity. Is sold for a moderate price.

Write for further description.

GEO·B·CARPENTER & CO.

MARINE SUPPLIES

Sailmakers and Riggers

202 W. Austin Ave. Chicago

ter were more rocks. I called Ask and he came out of the engine room with the electric searchlight in hand. Before the rest of us knew it he had taken a great jump onto the rocks, which were only a few feet from the side of the ship. He then turned the light on us and asked us to pass him a line. We threw him the unused part of the sea-anchor cable, but the coils in the engine room were tangled and the rope was barely long enough to reach him. The ship then rolled away from the shore pulling the line taut, with the bitter end in Ask's hand. He yelled for more slack and Arnold went into the engine room, half full of water by this time, and cleared a few fathoms. Ask took a turn around a rock and called Arnold to come ashore. He obeyed quickly and went over the side, disappearing in the foaming water as his boots filled and dragged him under. However, he soon shook them off and got ashore. I went next and helped pull my father up. Ask grabbed him as soon as he reached the rocks. Chapman was the last man to leave the ship and was carried down by his sea boots filling. He shook them off and got to safety with Ask's help.

When we were all safely ashore we crawled further up the rocks to a more sheltered spot, where there was some grass in a little hollow. We were all unhurt, except for minor bruises and cuts. There was nothing to be frightened about, as we all got ashore quickly, with the help of Ask, and the only thing that suffered was our ship. There she was below us, pounding her life out on those solid granite rocks, with tremendous seas breaking over her.

We had come ashore an hour or so before daybreak, and as we lay there in the dark hitting each other on the back to keep warm, we wondered where we had landed. Ask investigated and found that we were on a small treeless island. However, he saw more land close by and brought us the news of it.

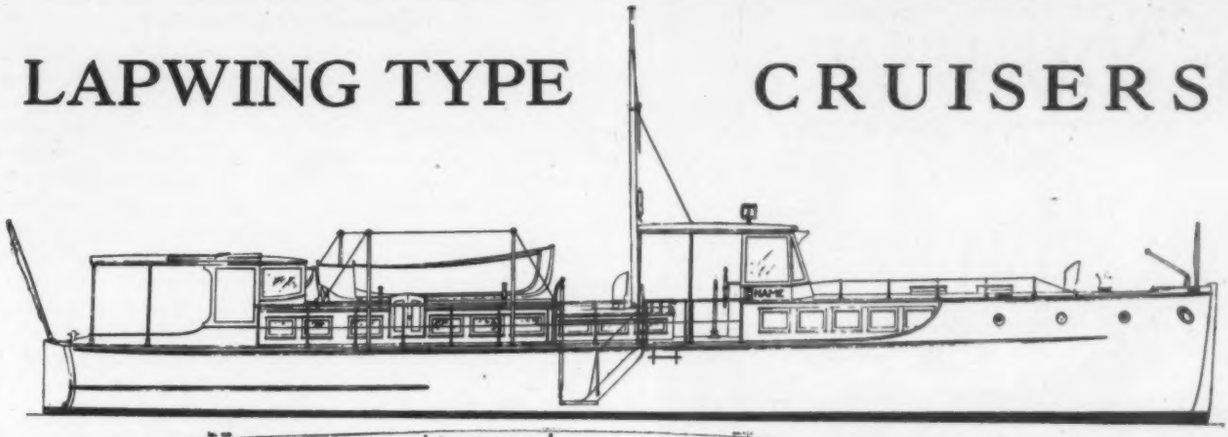
The *Shanghai* was now breaking up fast. Suddenly the mizzen, with the sail still set, went by the board, the mainmast following a minute later with the little pennant of the Shanghai Yacht Club flying defiantly till the last. It had been at the masthead during the entire trip. There was absolutely nothing we could do to save our good ship. By daybreak all that remained of her was a small portion of the hull banging against the rocks; the rest of the ship was smashed to pieces, some of which were thrown 30 to 40 feet in the air by the smashing seas.

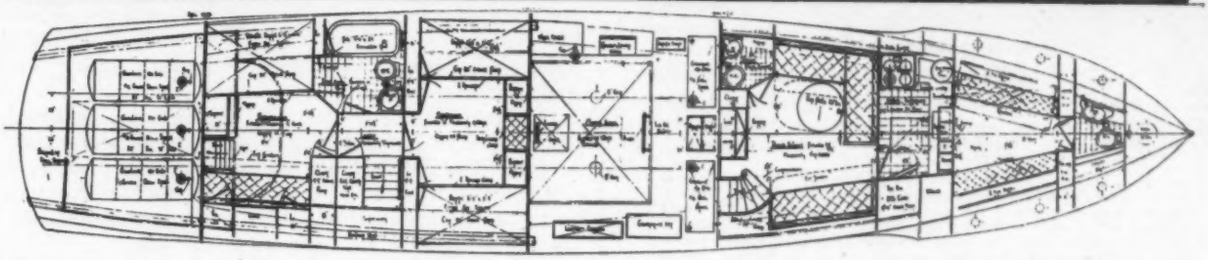
After sunrise, we saw that the land nearest to us was only separated by a narrow gully, through which the seas surged from either side. Ask finally waded and swam across and investigated the prospects, while the rest of us ate blueberries and raspberries, which were abundant. As the tide was going out, we went down to look over the wreckage. We found a bottle of Aqua Vitæ intact and half full; also a small box of Aristol for cuts and bruises.

Ask found several empty fisherman huts and called back to us that he was going to push on and see if he could not get help. The land on which the huts were was another island, and Ask swam across the channel to what he thought was the mainland. Behind this he saw some houses and a church. But he found he had still another channel to swim. This time it was a good half mile across, with a strong current. He got across, and after a long walk of six or seven miles reached the town of Canso and got a fishing smack of the Maritime Fish Corporation to come out after the rest of us.

The *Shanghai* is no more, but her record is unique for a boat as small and as short lived as she was. Our cruise lasted just two months, from June 26th to August 27th, during which time we sailed about 3,500 miles in 29 actual sailing days. Add this to the voyage of the original owners and one finds that the little ship covered 20,000 miles in a year and a half, and the only continents she had not touched at were Australia and South America.

LAPWING TYPE CRUISERS





Estimates furnished for building Pleasure Craft DE LUXE. We can save 20% in cost of construction and produce an exceptionally fine yacht. Materials, furnishings and fittings imported and best of their several kinds. Workmanship first class. Double planking, outer plank of mahogany. Decks of teak. Orders taken now for Spring delivery.

Reference: National Shawmut Bank of Boston, Mass.

J. E. DOHERTY COMPANY

Yacht Brokers—Designers and Builders of Pleasure Craft DE LUXE

10 HIGH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Boys Today—Men Tomorrow

A WORTH-WHILE GIFT

Build a boat of this type from our construction set for $12.00. Hull already built

"COOT"

MARCONI RIGGED SLOOP

MADE IN AMERICA

Designed by a well known American Naval Architect and equipped with sails made by the world famous sail makers, Ratsey and Lapthorn, Ltd.

DIMENSIONS
25 inches over-all; 6¼ inch beam; 6½ inch draught; painted; top side — black, white, gray; under side — green, red in above combination.

Send for Free Catalogue of Sail and Power Boats No. 202

Send for Free Catalogue of Trains and Equipment No. 212

PRICE COMPLETE READY TO SAIL, $18.50

The "Coot" represents the best and fastest model of a conventional sea-going type of sailing yacht of her length that can be produced.

The only store of its kind in America. Carrying Scale Models, both complete and construction sets of sail and power boats and engines. Exact reproductions down to the smallest detail.

BOUCHER, Inc.

SCALE MODELS

CALL AT OUR SALES ROOM

The Only Store of Its Kind in America

415 Madison Avenue at 48th Street New York

CINDERELLA

Champion of the Southern Yacht Club

Designed for Commodore Ernest Lee Jahncke

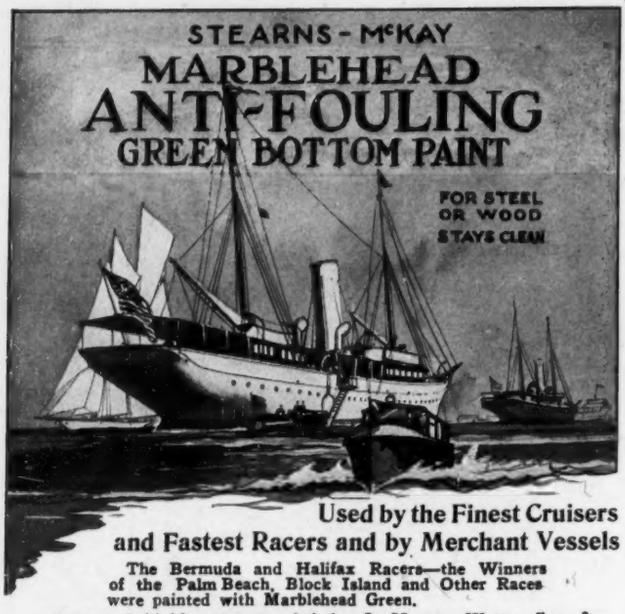
FREDERICK M. HOYT

NAVAL ARCHITECT

Racing and Cruising Yachts Designed and their construction supervised.

50 East 42nd Street New York City

Telephone Vanderbilt 10499



Used by the Finest Cruisers and Fastest Racers and by Merchant Vessels

The Bermuda and Halifax Racers—the Winners of the Palm Beach, Block Island and Other Races were painted with Marblehead Green.

Used and highly recommended by J. Murray Watts, Cox & Stevens, John G. Alden and many other famous naval architects. Highest recommendations by the Sea Sled Company, Ltd. Used for many years with unfailing satisfaction by George Lawley & Son Corporation, and the most reliable ship and yacht yards. Merchant Vessels have adopted its use to an increasing extent on account of Long Service and Economy.

It is THE MOST POWERFUL ANTI-FOULER and PREVENTIVE of MARINE GROWTH, BARNACLES and BORES. IN TROPICAL AND SEMI-TROPICAL WATERS IT HAS NO EQUAL AS A PROTECTION AGAINST THE DESTRUCTIVE TEREDOS.

ALL PUT UP DOUBLE STRENGTH

STEARNS-McKAY MFG. CO.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS., U. S. A.

Cable address: MCKAY, MARBLEHEAD.

All First Class Dealers, Ship and Yacht Yards.

STATE OF NEW YORK
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS
BUREAU OF CANALS
ALBANY

November 10th, 1924.

NOTICE OF CLOSING OF STATE CANALS:—Unless sooner closed by ice, the Champlain and Cayuga and Seneca canals will be closed to navigation at midnight of Saturday, December 6th. The issue of through clearances on these canals will be discontinued December 3rd.

The Erie and Oswego canals will be closed to navigation at midnight of Saturday, December 13th. The issue of through clearances for the movement of fleets will be discontinued November 30th, and for single self-propelled units on December 6th.

Notice is hereby given that the work of removing buoys and channel markers from the Cayuga and Seneca and Champlain canals will be begun on November 30th; and from the Oswego and Erie canals on December 10th.

No boats will be permitted to be stored in the lock chambers during the winter season. Owners of boats desiring to winter their craft in any part of the canal system should first secure permission to do so from the Commissioner of Canals and Waterways, State Department of Public Works, Albany, N. Y. Under no circumstances will any boat be permitted to remain in the Erie canal or canalized Mohawk river between Locks 6 and 16.

ROYAL K. FULLER,
Commissioner of Canals and Waterways.

Jib-Headed *vs.* Gaff-Headed Rigs

(*Continued from page* 53)

Maintaining the same area, but increasing the hoist and shortening the boom and gaff, has proven, in actual practice, to be a more effective driving sail and seems to bear out the previous contention that, beyond a certain width, any additional area aft of this point does *not* mean increased drive; but by increasing the hoist, a longer effective angle is presented to the wind and additional driving power *is* obtained. While the gaff is retained, a certain amount of efficiency is bound to be lost, because it swings off and shortens up the length of the effective driving area.

If the foregoing is clearly understood and agreed upon, it is clearly obvious that if we could further reduce the width to a point where we change the direction of the wind and then free it as soon thereafter as possible, do away with the gaff and increase the length of the hoist—and correspondingly the leech, off which the wind must flow freely or the sail is ineffective—we would get a longer plane on which the wind was acting to some good purpose.

In the jib-headed mainsail this is accomplished, and while it might be made narrower than at present and still be effective, it has been found in actual practice that a certain length of boom, in relation to the length of the hoist, is necessary in order to keep the leech from flowing off too freely and allowing the shape of the sail to become so distorted as to be largely ineffective.

It should be clearly understood that all of the foregoing relates to a boat on the wind. Broad off, or before the wind, I doubt very much the jib-headed sail's superiority over the regular gaff-headed sail, beyond the possibility of catching a higher air that would completely pass over the lower sail.

The result of an actual change made in an existing boat and the results obtained may be of interest to the reader. The boat in question is one of three built from the writer's design and was raced on Long Island Sound in 1914 and 1915.

A few years ago, one of them, the *Joyetta,* was sold out on Lake Michigan and during 1923 raced there with the old gaff-headed mainsail, with a fair degree of success, against the faster, larger and most modern "R" boats.

Last winter, as the owner, feeling sure that he would have a more nearly even break against the newer and larger boats if he had a jib-headed rig, as all the other boats carried, the writer was commissioned to lay out such a rig, the total measured area to be exactly the same.

Her present owner, Mr. Robert B. Smith, has written about her performance with the new rig as follows:

"It is indeed a great pleasure to inform you that the *Tiger* turned out to be a great success, in fact more than we had hoped for. Not only does she handle beautifully now, but her increased speed was sufficient to give her the championship of northern Lake Michigan against a mighty strong field. It is unusual that in every race we sailed we never won a first, but consistently placed well up with the winner, so that her average was always good.

"I had no trouble in rigging or tuning up, everything being satisfactory. Naturally, there is a lot in her that I have not gotten out yet, as she behaves like an entirely new boat; but we seem able to beat every boat except the *Ariel.*

"I think in practically all the races during the past summer, on the wind, we gained from 15 to 30 seconds on the whole fleet, whereas with the old gaff-headed rig we lost from three to five minutes on the jib-headed rigged boats."

I believe the foregoing is the usual experience with those who make this change; but it is an expensive job, and for the average cruising boat I cannot say that I would recommend it.

LARSEN'S YACHT AWNINGS

Gordon Deep Sea Cruiser Tescil equipped with Larsen's awnings.

The Famous Gordon Cruisers are equipped with specially made LARSEN AWNINGS and CURTAINS, that are weather and rain proof. Mr. Gordon writes us that he was never so pleased with awnings and also states the fact that they are the best and neatest as well as the snappiest and most Yachty-looking awnings made. Photo shows the Larsen awnings which are part of the standard equipment on both their large and small boats.

Individual inquiries given special attention.

LOUIS J. LARSEN
Yacht Sailmaker

45 Fulton Street, New York City

Telephone Beekman 6674

Fine Yacht Sails for Cruising or Racing; Awnings, Covers, All Kinds of Canvas and Rope Work and Steel Wire Rigging; Skate and Ice Yacht Sails.

--- A GIFT SUGGESTION! ---

SOPURA
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF
The SALT AND FRESH WATER SOAP

In packages of 50 and 100 cakes—$5.00 and $10.00.
Carriage prepaid anywhere east of the Mississippi.

SOPURA SOAP CO., Inc.
11 Rose Street, New Rochelle, New York, U. S. A.

GENUINE IMPORTED RUSSIAN CAVIAR

CAVIAR—a true food
very nutritious—easily digested
ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.

For Your Yacht and For Your Home

Packed in 12-pound cases or less

Fresh caviar $12.50 the pound — Preserved caviar $5.00 the pound f.o.b. N. Y.

GRUEN TRADING COMPANY
Cable Address "AQUARIUS," N. Y.
93 NASSAU STREET Cortlandt 4515 NEW YORK

THE
Miller Wave Operated Bilge Pump

It Pumps While You Are Away

THREE SIZES

$5.00 $10.00 $15.00

Utility Folding Seat
Price $5.00

E. G. LONG COMPANY
Room 1357 50 Church St. New York City

CHRISTMAS GIFTS
For Yachtsmen

An Exceptional Assortment of Appropriate Gifts

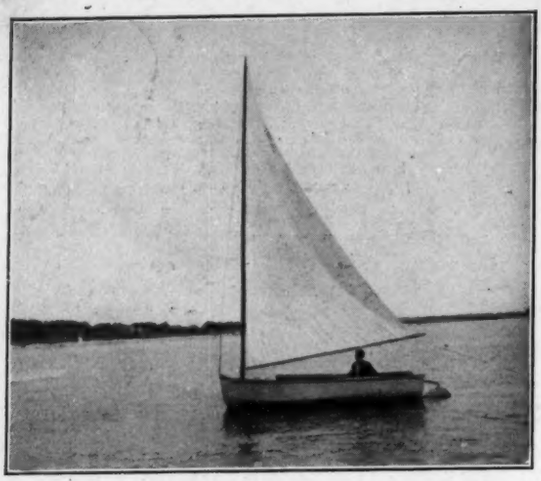
SETH THOMAS CLOCKS

BINOCULARS	SEXTANTS	COMPASSES
CUSHIONS	LIFE BUOYS	WHISTLES
FOG HORNS	BELLS	MEGAPHONES
ANCHORS	LAMPS	TOOLS

Complete Catalogue Upon Request

E. J. WILLIS CO.
85 Chambers Street 67 Reade Street
New York City

Diesel Powered 86-ft. Cruiser Designed and Built for Frank B. Stearns, Esq., Cleveland, Ohio, by the
LUDERS MARINE CONST. CO. **Stamford, Conn.**



CHAMPIONSHIPS

Massachusetts Women's Sailing CHAMPIONSHIP

and

South Shore (Mass.) Yachting CHAMPIONSHIP

were sailed in 1924 in

"MIGHTY MITES"

(14-ft. Catboats)

Ralph E. Winslow design

We can supply single boats or fleets. Price, $350 each

Also other stock sail boats, $56 upwards. The Famous Cape Cod Baby Knockabout, $400. Outboard motor boats, $45 and $100. Combination row boat, sail boat and outboard, $75 and $100. 20-ft. smooth-sided motor dory with engine enclosed in patented hatch, $550.

CAPE COD SHIP BUILDING CORPORATION

18 Tremont St. Boston, Mass.

Exhibiting at Grand Central Palace, New York Jan. 2-10, 1925

A SUMMER HOME AFLOAT

Length, 38 ft.
Beam, 11 ft.
Draft, 3 ft.
Accommodation, four to seven people.
Speeds, 12 to 20 miles.
Power, 50 to 200 H.P.
Sold complete, including auxiliary sails.

Information on request.

Matthews 46 and 65 ft. Stock Design Cruisers.

Over Thirty Years the Standard of Comparison in Excellence of Design and Construction.

Speed Records of the Past

(*Continued from page* 42)

for carrying teas from China to England that were paid British vessels.

Their own designers and builders failing to rise to the occasion, the British began to buy clippers from the Americans. James Baines, of the Australian Black Ball Line, ordered four ships from Donald McKay, of Boston, destined to become famous as troopers during the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny and as immigrant ships in the Australian trade. They were named the *Lightning, James Baines, Donald McKay* and *Champion of the Seas.* The first to be launched was the *Lightning.* On her maiden voyage to Liverpool she carried, as builder's representative, Lauchlin McKay, who, as master of the *Sovereign of the Seas,* had previously made a day's run of 424 nautical miles, and as owner's representative, James N. Forbes, who in the Bluenose clipper *Marco Polo* had made some remarkable voyages to Australia, being one of the first, if not the first, skipper to follow the great circle course through the ice and snow of high southern latitudes. In the hands of these noted captains the *Lightning* put her best foot forward, and at noon on February 28, 1854, began her famous day's run of 436 sea miles, winning the proud distinction of leaving behind her in twenty-four hours more miles of salt water than any other ship that ever spread canvas to the winds. The famous run began some 500 miles west of the Irish Coast, in Lat. 52° 38′ N., Long. 22° 45′ W., and is recorded in the log of the ship as follows: "March 1st. Wind south. Strong gales; bore away for the North channel. Carried away the foretopsail and lost jib; hove the log several times and found the ship going through the water at the rate of 18 to 18½ knots; lee rail under water and rigging slack. Distance run in twenty-four hours, 436 miles."

The *Red Jacket* was another famous ship of that period. She was designed by Samuel H. Pook and built at Rockland, Maine. She was chartered in 1854 by the White Star Line. On her passage from New York to Liverpool, early in that year, with Asa Eldridge master, she broke the record for that route, and on February 27-28 made a day's run of 413 nautical miles in doing it.

An Error in Judgment

(*Continued from page* 23)

at what he called the joke of the thing. But it didn't tickle me much, for it turned out that the boat cost Winton $5,000, and the things he let fall from time to time about lawyers, damages, assault and battery on the high seas, kidnapping under false pretenses and I don't know what all, started me off in a cold sweat. It didn't do me any good, either, thinking how the whole thing had happened as natural as eating your dinner, for it was clear to me I was up to my neck right in the soup.

Before we got in I offered Winton what dollars I'd got saved, as a bit towards making up for his loss. But the man was all right, really, even if he did pull my leg till he'd nearly added a cubit to my stature. He said he wouldn't touch a cent of mine. His boat was insured against loss, he said, and it couldn't be denied that he'd certainly lost her; although when he did claim on the insurance company they turned him down. They said their policy did not cover him against the risk of running into damned fools in mid-ocean. So he came down on my owners for $7,000. And, what's more, he got it. And I got the sack.

I'm glad of it now, for I'm comfortable in this old box. There's no one to trouble you here, and no passengers, thanks be! But I tell you what, the next lot of castaways I come across will have to sign an affidavit, *and get it certified by a notary,* before they get rescued by me.

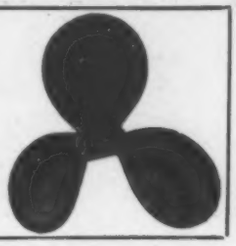
Cap'n Allswell says:

"Rum runnin's gettin' riskier every day."

"Now that Uncle Sam is equippin' his Coast Guard boats with Columbians, rum runnin' is what the insurance companies call a 'hazardous occupation.'" (Write for propeller information.)

The Columbian Bronze Corporation, 236 N. Main Street, Freeport, L. I., N. Y.
New York City Sales: 44 Third Avenue

COLUMBIAN *Bronze* PROPELLERS



"WIDGION"
20-ft. Class "C" Champion of White Bear Lake

WE specialize in small sail boats from 15 to 30 feet in length.
No catalogs.
Write for further information.

AMUNDSON BOAT WORKS
Designers and Builders
White Bear Lake
Minnesota

FURNESS BERMUDA LINE

(*Bermuda Government's Official Contract Steamers*)

BERMUDA—Playground of Eternal Springtime

Average Temperature 70° *Only 2 Days from New York*

SAILINGS TWICE WEEKLY

From New York
Every Wednesday and Saturday
From Bermuda
Every Tuesday and Saturday

Tickets good on either steamer, insuring unequalled express service, via New Palatial Twin-Screw, Oil-Burning Steamers

S.S. "FORT VICTORIA"
S.S. "FORT ST. GEORGE"

No Passports **Modern Hotels** **All Outdoor Sports**

Including Golf, Tennis, Sailing, Bathing, Trap Shooting, Horse Racing, Fishing, Riding, Driving, etc.

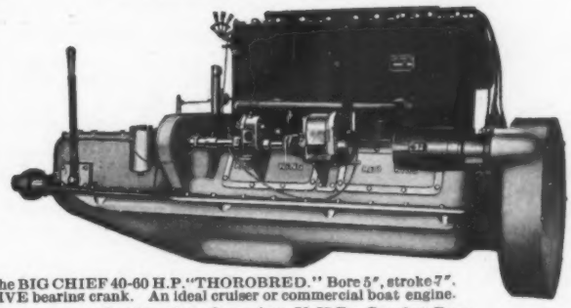
ST. GEORGE HOTEL, St. George, Bermuda.—Especially attractive, located in the historic, picturesque and quaint part of Bermuda. Excellent cuisine and service. Magnificent tiled swimming pool.

WEST INDIES CRUISES.—Delightful Cruises to the Gems of the Caribbean Sea. Steamers Sailing Every 14 Days.

For Illustrated Booklet on Bermuda or St. George Hotel or West Indies, write

FURNESS BERMUDA LINE 34 WHITEHALL ST., N. Y. or any Local Tourist Agent

Red Wing Thorobred
THE MOTOR WITH POWER TO SPARE



The BIG CHIEF 40-60 H.P. "THOROBRED." Bore 5", stroke 7". FIVE bearing crank. An ideal cruiser or commercial boat engine.
8 other sizes from 4 to 50 H.P. Catalog Free.

Red Wing Motor Co. Dept. "Y" **Red Wing, Minn., U.S.A.**

PHILIPPINE MAHOGANY TANGUILE

Build Your Boat of

PHILIPPINE MAHOGANY

It runs wide, long and clear
Is handsome, light-weight, lasting.

INDIANA QUARTERED OAK COMPANY

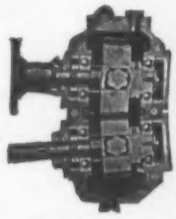
225 East Ave., Long Island City, N. Y.

"Have an all Mahogany boat—it costs no more"

CROSS GEAR BOXES

For Speed Boats, Runabouts and Auxiliary Cruisers

Properly designed and accurately made to transmit great power at high speed with maximum efficiency.
Ball bearings throughout.
Splined shafts.
Hardened gears with generated teeth.
Properly lubricated, oil tight enclosure.
20 sizes and types up to 1000 H. P. and 2000 R. P. M.
Furnished for either angular or straight drive to suit any installation.



Cross Gear & Engine Company
3251 Bellevue Avenue Detroit, Michigan

CANVAS WINTER COVERS

WATERPROOF COVERS MADE TO FIT YOUR BOAT—TARPAULINS ALL SIZES

C. R. DANIELS, Inc.
114-115 SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK
TELEPHONE BEEKMAN 2340
SEND FOR MEASURING DIAGRAM, SAMPLES AND PRICES
MANUFACTURERS OF EVERYTHING MADE OF CANVAS

ESTABLISHED 1847
ANNIN & CO.
LARGEST FLAG HOUSE IN THE WORLD
FLAGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
99-101 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK PHONE, BEEKMAN 1847

Miami
THE WORLD'S GREATEST WINTER RESORT

In the Tropical Zone of Florida.

The Climate Supreme
The Tourist's Delight
The Motorist's Mecca
The Fisherman's Paradise
The Golfer's Wonderland
The Polo Player's Pride
The Surf Bather's Joy
The Aviator's Dreamland
The Yachtsman's Rendezvous
The Tennis Player's Happiness
The Horseracing Utopia
The Hi-Li Player's Haven
The Realization of Your Anticipations
Truly the Outdoor City

Write for free handsome Booklet and information.
MIAMI CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
MIAMI, FLORIDA

31 BARGAINS. NEW BARGAIN LIST JUST OFF PRESS

Bona-fide bargains in engines 4 H.P. to 35 H.P. Few heavy duty, mostly medium duty, and some speed boat engines for speeds up to 25 miles. Examples:—Two-cycle, 4 H.P., $40; 6 H.P., $50; 12 H.P., $95. Four-cycle, 16 H.P., $195; 20 H.P., 4-cycle, $189. Another 20-24 H.P., same model, $255. Model "D," same as new, $285; New 6-8 H.P., $111. Ask for bargain list Y. Gray Marine Motor Co., 720 Canton Ave., Detroit, Mich.

A Thousand Miles in a 19-Footer

(*Continued from page* 26)

ing about this wreck when we arrived at New London.

We took aboard last supplies here, not to step ashore again until we reached our home port in the Hudson River.

We reached the moorings just before dusk on August 8th and closed our cruise of thirty-three days. During that time no part of *Amethyst* or her racing Marconi rig had carried away or been damaged in any way. Weather-beaten varnish and a boom worn by the backstays and main sheet bridle were the only blemishes to her smart appearance.

Down North, a 66-Footer

(*Continued from page* 51)

result of his experience and the architect's ideas of the type of yacht suitable for trips of this kind. With good freeboard, pleasing sheer, ample beam and most of the ballast carried inside, she will be able, comfortable, and show a good turn of speed.

The dimensions of *Down North* are: L.O.A., 66′ 9″; L.W.L., 52′; beam, 16′ 4″; draft, 9′; S.A., 2,196 ft.

Propellers vs. Fish Nets

(*Continued from page* 39)

Suddenly the steady hum of the propeller changed to a muffled threshing and then died. The poor fish were netted, meaning us. The triple blades were all bound 'round with the mangled remains of the fish catcher. Garroted! Strangled! Hopelessly tangled and jammed!

Tugging and pulling at the loose ends within reach was as useless as a putter in a bowling alley. You know there is but one remedy, but you hate to admit the truth. And the quicker you unlimber your clasp knife and let yourself slip over the stern into the black brine, the sooner the agony will be over.

B-r-r-r! It's a weird and clammy sensation. Down you go, clothes and all, and you cut and slash and carve and cuss and froth at the mouth as you unsnarl the Gordian knot. But believest thou me, the owner of that net knows he caught a Tartar when next he hauls it up! For the motor boatmen spare no pains to make him aware of the fact that he is breaking the navigation laws by not putting a light on each end of his net.

Take Fresh Creamery Butter on your next cruise-no ice required
Gold Seal Butter
IN TINS
Choicest Quality | Guarantee Pure | Convenient Attractive
Used with great satisfaction in the Bermuda races and on vessels without refrigeration going to all parts of the world. *Order direct from*
JAMES ROWLAND & CO., 84 Hudson St., New York

Model Marine steam engine, ¾″ x ¾″, made of bronze, $8.50. Complete power plant: engine, boiler and torch, $22.50.
Send 10c in stamps for catalogue to
Model Machine Shop Co.
415-17 East 71st St.
New York City

CAPE COD CATS
Designed and Built by
CHAS. A. ANDERSON
WAREHAM MASS.

CHAS. P. McCLELLAN
Yacht Sailmaker
Patented Boat Tops and Spray Hoods
Fall River, Mass.

E. LOCKWOOD HAGGAS
NAVAL ARCHITECT and ENGINEER
Designs for
Yachts—Motorboats—Steamers—Schooners—Tugs—Barges of Steel or Wood
14 S. Wissahickon Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.

DIESEL MARINE ENGINES, SEMI-DIESEL MARINE AND STATIONARY ENGINES

Real German Diesel Engines for your Yacht. Best Diesel engine ever built. From 125 to 2700 H.P. Most moderate prices. SEMI-DIESEL, the famous "TUXHAM," the best that could be had. The most economical and very low priced. From 7½ to 300 H.P. Easily installed and operated, even by persons without experience. No valves and operating gear. No ignitions. Reliability. Economy. Durability. Ask particulars from
RAFAILOVICH & CO., Inc., 26 Cortlandt St., New York

THE J. H. CURTISS CO., Inc.
Marine Plumbing Supplies
Manufacturers of
Water Closets, Lavatories and Other Marine Specialties
2 South Street New York